THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SORROWING MAIDEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HAZEL.

Down beside the restless ocean,
Where the glittering seaweeds clung,
And the sun in sinking beauty
O'er the waves a glory flung,
Sat a maiden sad and lonely,
Listening to the water's flow,
And with dreamy eyes uplifted,
Gazing at the heaven's rich glow.

As she gazed a wondrous longing
Crept within the maiden's breast;
After all her earthly struggles
Came the longing for a rest.
And she cried, "Oh, give me respite,
From this load of pain and strife!
Lift me up above the shadows,
To a holier, happier life!"

Gently came the ocean's answer
As it dashed against the shore,
Sadly sighing as it answered:
"Nevermore, oh, nevermore!"
Then the breezes heard the whisper
As they kissed the sighing sea;
And they wailed in saddest measure,
"That may never, never be."

"Oh, my rosy hopes departed,
Covered by the mists of years!
Come again in softened beauty,
All the brighter for my tears!
Come and light my shadowy pathway,
Cheer this gloomy world for me;"
But the breezes sobbed in answer
"That may never, never be."

Then the angels up in heaven
Standing near the snowy throne,
Heard the maiden's sad complaining—
Saw her sitting all alone.
And with eyes of love and pity,
Downward came the radiant throng,
Pausing just before the maiden,
Murmuring a gentle song.

Then their voices full of sweetness
With the rippling water's flow,
Quickened into life the dead hopes,
Faded in the long ago.
Then the moaning winds and waters
Mingled with their melody,
Till her soul, all filled with music,
Drifted out upon the sea.

Rising higher, higher, higher!
Till it reached the clouds of even,
Floating onward, ever onward,
Till is rested up in heaven.

EDITH BOLTON;

OR,

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NOTES OF HOSPITAL LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

"Will you go with your uncle and myself to the mountains for a few weeks?" said I to my niece and special favorite, Edith Bolton, as she entered the parlor where I was seated one hot July morning.

Her sweet face brightened with a flush of delight.

"Go with you, dear Aunt Ellen? You know I would gladly, to the world's end."

"I shall not require you, Edie dear, to take quite such a long journey as that, but your Uncle Albert has been suffering very much lately from the heat. I have been persuading him for some time to run away from business, and he told me this morning that he thinks he can make his arrangements to start next week, and of course I must have my little flower to shed its fragrance on my path."

"How kind you always are, dear aunt, to think of my pleasure. It would be enchanting, but—mamma!"

"I have thought of that, darling, and should not have proposed it to you had I not obtained her consent. When we first talked of going, I spoke to her of my wish that you should join us, and I should never have mentioned it to you unless I had obtained a favorable answer."

"Really?—Actually? Are you in earnest? Oh! it is too good to be true." And throwing her arms round my neck, she kissed me over and over again.

"There—that will do," said I, laughingly disengaging myself from her embrace. "Perhaps after all we may be going where you will not wish to join us, and then all your delight will have been wasted. Miss Edith, what do you say to that?"

"A very simple answer," said she with a sweet, bright smile. "That it is always happiness enough for me, to be with you and Uncle Albert, go where you will, so I cannot be disappointed."

"That is a comfort at any rate," said I, "for we are not going to take you to Newport, Saratoga, Sharon, or any of the fashionable resorts, but a simple little trip into the coal region of your own state. Your uncle, you know, has lands up there, and he thinks he can combine business and pleasure by going up to look after them. He met a gentleman a few days since, who assured him there was a comfortable hotel there, and we have decided to try it."

"The coal region! Just what I have always wanted so much to see. Now I shall have an opportunity of at last gratifying my great desire to go into a mine. All my life I have desired to do so, and every account of the accidents to the miners that I have read, has only made me more anxious to see one, and realize for myself exactly how it was there."

"Ah! I had quite forgotten the enthusiastic interest you used to take in all those stories of the colliers, and the mines in England. Accidents are much more uncommon in this country; still you shall certainly have the opportunity of combining the ruin of your clothes with the gratification of your desire, if your inclination still continues when you see the entrance, which I think may deter you."

"Small fear of that, Aunt Ellen. I am not so easily daunted, and am quite ready to sacrifice some articles of dress in the pursuit of science," said she, laughing. "But here is Uncle Albert. I must ask him if it really can be true that I am to go with you."

"What is that, little one? Talking treason against your uncle? I caught my own name as I entered," said my husband, as Edith ran up to him to claim the warm welcome which she well knew always awaited her from him.

"May I really go with you and Aunt Ellen, and will you take me into a mine, a real bona fide coal-mine?"

"Ah! Your Aunt Ellen has been before me. I wanted to see those bright eyes dance when you first heard it, for I had a sort of idea this trip would be more to your taste than the fooleries of fashionable watering-places. You are a sensible girl, Edith; I always thought so," said he, fondly patting her head.

"I don't know about that, Uncle Albert. You know I have been so little away from home that I cannot judge of watering-place life; but if the 'fooleries' there consist in fun and frolic, I should like them very much indeed, and I am afraid you would find me anything but a 'sensible girl,' if that means that I condemn such things."

"Always ready with an answer, Miss Puss! No, no! You shall have fun and frolic enough. It is not that Uncle Albert objects to—you know that well enough. Be ready to start on Monday morning, and I will promise you all the enjoyment we can procure for you, even to that most brilliant of all amusements, visiting a coal-mine."

"Monday morning! How delightfully soon! I always like to start at once when I know I am going. But neither you nor Aunt Ellen have told me yet where we are to go."

"The coal region of Pennsylvania comprises rather a large tract of land over which we might travel."

"Our destination is where my land is, some distance beyond Huntingdon. We shall take the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, sleep at Huntingdon, and reach the summit of the mountain the next day. It is one of the spurs of the Alleghenies, where, they tell me, there is a very good hotel. I met a friend of mine, who advised me to look after my own affairs up there, assuring me I should enjoy it. He says there are several families in the house. By the way, Edie, I am very sorry, but I am afraid you will not want to go with us. It never occurred to me until this moment."

"Uncle Albert! What can you mean? What could possibly prevent my wanting to go with you?"

"Only that my friend mentioned, among other people there, the name of Frederic Herbert, who is attending to some mines which he owns in the neighborhood; and I knew, of course, that you would not wish to meet him," said Mr. Pembroke with a sly smile.

A bright blush was Edith's only answer, but the light in those soft eyes scarcely spoke of disappointment.

"Well, little one, Aunt Ellen and I await your decision. Can you make up your mind to go, in the face of that fact?"

"I suppose the mountain is wide enough to prevent our interfering with each other," said she, trying to look unconcerned, and to avoid her uncle's mischievous eyes.

"Come," said I—"Edie shan't be teased. You know I never permit it. Go home now, dear, and make your preparations. You forget how little time there is, and be ready when we call for you on Monday morning."

She was not sorry to make her escape, and with a warm kiss, and renewed thanks to us both, she hurried away.

A few words will tell you why she was so dear to my heart. Her father, George Bolton, had married my favorite sister, who died when Edith was just three years old. I begged and pleaded for this child, especially as her father was in the navy, and would of necessity be much separated from her, but all in vain. He refused to give her up, and before the year was out married again. I trusted, in spite of the regret which I could not help feeling, that it might result more favorably for Edith than if she were left merely to the care of servants, and made every endeavor to teach her to love her new mother, realizing strongly as I did the wicked prejudice existing against stepmothers, many—I would fain believe most of whom fulfil their duties to their husband's children faithfully and conscientiously, and that often in the face of unmerited obloquy and reproach.

But, in this instance, I could not fail to see that as years went on, Mrs. Bolton's own children took the place of my little Edith, and, although there was no actual unkindness, there was an indifference, which to one of a warm, loving, sensitive nature was almost equally hard to bear. Hence arose the enthusiastic love which she bore to my husband and myself—never so happy as when permitted to be with us; her father's absences of years together, having made him unaware of the actual state of affairs at home, he never realized her feelings, or the sad want of sympathy she felt with those who should have been nearest to her. At the time of which I write she was just eighteen, and the universal verdict as to her beauty, by every one who knew her, convinces me that it was not merely my partiality which made me think her so lovely.

I say every one who knew her, for her true beauty seemed to me to be in the changing and varying expression called up by her varying feelings.

She was slightly and delicately made, exquisite grace in every movement, and a nameless charm about everything she said or did. Her hair was of that rich, peculiar auburn tint, so rarely seen, which seems to catch every ray of sunlight, and brighten in its glow; she wore it, in spite of the prevailing fashion, in classic bands in front, and drawn over a comb at the back, from which it fell in masses of heavy curls, for which she was indebted to Nature, not to her hair dresser. The singular clearness and transparency of her complexion; the—but what am I doing?—running on with a description of my darling's charms, until I shall prove myself, what I fear, after all, I am a foolish, fond old aunt, who thinks every one must take as much interest in her paragon as she does herself. I never found but one person who was willing to listen to her praises, as long as I would talk, and that is Frederic Herbert; a young man of fine promise, brilliant talents, and above and beyond all deep, earnest, religious feeling. Loving my darling as I did, I had watched with much anxiety a growing intimacy, which circumstances had tended to increase, and it was not until I saw and judged for myself of his character, that I felt perfectly satisfied to allow it to continue; assured as I was, that a home of her own would be very desirable for her, provided always, that it was offered to her by the right person. I was, therefore, rather pleased than otherwise to hear that we should meet him in the mountains, although I knew that Edith dreaded her uncle's raillery, for he dearly loved to tease her, and bring that becoming flush to her cheek.

CHAPTER II.

A day in a railway train! Why describe it? Who does not know its pleasures and its pains, its amusements and its trials? They form a common interest; a common joy, or a common suffering, as the case may be. Hence the bond which arises between fellow-travellers,—the consciousness of having suffered or enjoyed together, binding even strangers as few other things can do.

Railway travelling may be said to photograph character, quite as sharply and clearly as the sun does external objects, for few can have passed many hours in one of our cars, without having an opportunity, whether it is embraced or not, of adding to the stock of information already possessed, with regard to human nature. The different persons who daily crowd our trains, may be divided into three classes—the supercilious, the somnolent, and the "lucifer match;" under one or other of these heads may all travellers usually be ranged, with, of course, the exceptions, which all rules must have. The first may be detected very easily by its manner of entering and selecting seats, casting a withering glance upon the innocent victims, who, by an earlier arrival, have secured more favorable positions; it possesses also a singular facility, in communicating by manner, its sentiments towards its fellow-creatures, whose close proximity at the present time, is manifestly looked upon in the light of contamination, and only tolerated because it is an unavoidable evil. This class may be further known, by uniformly preferring ignorance upon all matters of local interest, to seeking information, or receiving it, if offered, from those around, no matter how competent to bestow it. Let us rejoice that this is by far the smallest of the three classes named, and that its increase seems to be in an inverse ratio, with the number of persons travelling.

The second or somnolent class possesses two points of resemblance to the first, although springing from widely different motives;—the determination not to increase or extend its acquaintance, and the unwillingness to seek information on any point. But it is most evident, that this similarity extends only to the line of action, the disinclination arising in the latter class purely from indolence, indifference and total want of energy. Its members enter a car, seat themselves, and instantly begin the business of the day—if belonging to the male sex, by exchanging that capillary honor, called a hat, for something more conducive to repose, which seems to be the end and aim of the trip, to judge by the studied and violent efforts they make to secure the easiest and most certain position to obtain it;—while the fair sex of this class usually make a cloth pillow of the clavicle of their unfortunate escort, whose arm, in defiance of delicacy, encircles them, under the pretence of being extended on the seat behind them. They appear to have taken "a *through* ticket," as the terrible phrase is, to Lethe, and engaged Morpheus as conductor.

Quite a different class is the third and last, which I have called the "lucifer match," and probably by far the most numerous of the three. It is made up of a combination of the faculties of communication and investigation, pretty fairly balanced on the whole:—it includes all the *briskness* of travel, from the restless children, who steadily ply between their seats and the water-cooler, disposing of the contents of their tumblers upon the unlucky passengers, whom they seem to look upon as so many plants needing watering, and the cars as a species of "aquarial gardens;"—to the "children of a larger growth," no less formidable in their way, who, either investigate your past life, or communicate to the acquaintance of the moment, the most minute and sacred detail of their own in a manner truly appalling. I have given this name to the third class, because I have always observed that the friction of travel sets them into a blaze, and persons who are quite inoffensive and harmless in their homes, become positively dangerous, when subjected to its influence.

Of the agreeable, polished, educated, refined exceptions to these classes, ready to seek or bestow information, as it is needed or desired, with a knowledge of the world making them at home everywhere, mingling dignity with affability, reserve with courtesy, whose society brightens and enlivens the tedium of a journey, I cannot now speak, for I see Mr. Pembroke and Edith are beckoning to me to join them and take seats together in another part of the car; indeed these meditations upon railway travelling would never have taken place had they not given me the only shady seat when we entered the cars, taking the sunny side for themselves, which I almost concluded I should have preferred to share, as I watched their eager, animated faces, and caught the merry laugh called forth by a conversation which I could not hear, nothing remained for me, however, in my isolation, but to moralize upon abstract principles; nevertheless, (although in the midst of my meditations,) I hailed the proposed change of arrangement, and found the hours kept much more even pace with the train when passed in the society of the two beings dearest to me on earth.

"Are you tired, Ellen, or will you and Edith take a walk with me in this glorious moonlight, and have a look at the old town?" said Mr. Pembroke to me, as we sat the same evening in the hotel parlor at Huntingdon, where we were to remain for the night, reaching the mountain at dinner time the next day.

"Oh, no! Aunt Ellen is never tired," said Edith, quickly, "do let us go; the mountains will look so lovely in the moonlight."

I gladly assented, only expressing a fear that my husband, whose lungs were very weak, might suffer from the damp; this fear was however speedily overruled, and we set forth. Mr. Pembroke was familiar with the place, and led us up a mountain path to the old cemetery, which crowns the summit of a hill in the neighborhood, and of which the inhabitants of the town may justly be proud. A primitive *stile*, at the side of the large gateway, admitted us, and we scrambled up the steep mountain side, dotted with the white stones, which marked the last resting-place of the sleeping ones below, and over which the full moon in its pale beauty seemed lovingly and tenderly keeping guard. There was something strangely solemn and weird-like in the whole scene, and we paused, almost unwilling to break the stillness by the sound of our own steps.

"Do not stop here," said my husband, "ascend the mountain a little further, and you will have the view from the summit."

"Oh, Uncle Albert!" said Edith, as panting and almost exhausted, we reached the top; "this is worth any journey in itself; how little idea I had that a day's ride could bring us to such a scene."

"Yes, Edith," said her uncle, "that is what often surprises me, that Pennsylvanians should be content to remain ignorant of the marvellous beauty of their own state. For many years the wretched accommodations on the route prevented travel; but even now, when (though there is still vast room for improvement,) that objection is daily disappearing. I question whether one in five hundred of the masses who pass over this road have ever visited this spot, which certainly deserves to be celebrated in song or story."

As they talked, I walked on, and leaning against a neighboring tree, drank in the exquisite loveliness of the whole scene in silence. Peak after peak, range after range, of different heights, rose upon every side—here a gap, there a gorge; on one side the crystal thread of the distant river, on the other the little town peacefully sleeping at our feet, every beauty developed, every deformity concealed, by moonlight's magic power; while the spot in which we stood, with its sacred suggestiveness, cast an insensible, but powerful influence, over the whole. How long I stood, wrapt in contemplation, and perfectly oblivious of everything but the scene before me, and the thoughts it called up, I know not; but I was suddenly roused by Edith's voice, "Here she is, Uncle Albert, here she is! Why, Aunt Ellen, we have been looking for you everywhere;—why did you leave us?"

"I merely wandered into another path, dear, while you and your uncle were talking, and thus missed you, or rather you missed me, for I have been quite carried away by the scene before us, and I think it fortunate that you discovered me, or I might have remained all night. But where is your uncle? The dew is very heavy, and this grass is unsafe for him, I fear?"

"Unsafe for us all, I think, my dear," said he, coming up at the moment, "it is quite time that we returned to the hotel."

"Must we really go?" said Edith, "I feel as though I could not leave here. One thing is very certain, dear uncle, that I never can forget the pleasure of this evening, nor the view of Huntingdon cemetery by moonlight."

CHAPTER III.

When I seated myself to narrate the incidents of this little trip, I merely meant to draw upon my memory; but by a singular coincidence, while turning over some papers in my desk, I found a journal which I had kept at the time, but which I had completely forgotten, and have concluded to make extracts from that, as it gives the incidents as they occurred. I will take it up, after we had become quite at home, in our *mountain fastness*, merely mentioning the bad effects of our night at Huntingdon upon my husband. The damp night air and heavy dew had brought back the cough, which always troubles him in winter, causing a slight hemorrhage, which always worries me so much. For some days he was confined to his room, during which time we found Frederic Herbert's services invaluable. We had met him accidentally at the foot of the mountain the day we arrived, and from that moment he had attached himself to our party, and had made himself a most useful, as well as agreeable addition, at least so Mr. Pembroke and I thought, and I did not hear Edith offer any contradiction when I said something to that effect. But now for my journal.

Aug. 1st.—We have actually been here two weeks to-day; the time has slipped away so pleasantly that I can hardly realize it, and now that I see my dear husband improving, I feel as if I had nothing more to wish for. The place is in every way more agreeable and comfortable than we had anticipated; neat, clean, good table and attendance as to the house, while the walks and drives Edith assures me are perfectly charming, and the company bright, intellectual and refined. I have scarcely left Mr. Pembroke's room, but receive her accounts with much pleasure; she seems to see everything couleur de rose, and I sometimes feel inclined to smile at her glowing accounts of her excursions. She has taken several mountain rides with Frederic Herbert, and she seems to enjoy the walking parties exceedingly. I watch them from my window as they start, and always find that she and Frederic Herbert pair off together. I am not sorry for the opportunity they have in this way of becoming better acquainted with each other's characters, and testing their tastes and sympathies.

Aug. 2d.—It is a comfort to me to know that my friends Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn are here, for I can trust Edith with them, whilst I am up stairs with Mr. Pembroke, who is not strong, and prefers his own room; the excitement of company wearies him. Mrs. Mervyn tells me that her son Alfred has quite lost his heart with Edith, and complains sadly of the way in which Mr. Herbert monopolizes her; she says she is a general favorite in the house, both with gentlemen and ladies, which I can well understand. Indeed I do not see how it could be otherwise. I hear of nothing but Miss Travers, whose praises are in every one's mouth; she has been expected for more than a week, but I am very sure she cannot compare with my darling;—Indeed from all I can hear I am inclined to think she must be a little *fast*, but I am wrong to decide upon her till I see her. I was surprised this morning on going into Edith's room to find no less than four bouquets, and the loveliest moss basket crowding her dressing-table.

"Why, Edith! how lavish Mr. Herbert has been," said I, "where could he get such lovely flowers?"

"Nothing but the basket comes from him," said she quickly.

"Ah!" said I, "exactly what I wanted to know! He sent the basket, did he?—it is by far the prettiest of them all, thank you for telling me."

"That wasn't fair, Aunt Ellen," said she, the quick blood mantling in her cheek; "you took me unawares."

"No great harm done," said I, kissing her, and thinking I had never seen her looking prettier. "I will promise not to tell Uncle Albert, so that you shall not be teased."

Aug. 8th.—Nearly a week since I made my last entry here; I am surprised to find it has been so long, but somehow I have not enjoyed the last week so much, I cannot say why. Miss Travers is here; indeed I find by referring to this journal she came the day after I last wrote in it. She is very showy, a striking looking girl, but by no means to my taste, talks and laughs loud, and claims the attention of all the gentlemen in the house. There have been charades, and pic-nics, and parties of all sorts since she came, of which she takes the whole control. It provokes me to hear every one admire her so, even Edith persists in calling her a magnificent creature; but I do not know why, I cannot admire her. I think there is too great a want of the feminine element about her. I was seated on the piazza when she arrived; Edith and Mr. Herbert were walking up and down, and as Miss Travers stepped out of the stage, her dress caught, and she fell forward.

"Oh, Mr. Herbert," said Edith, "help her!"

He sprang forward, disengaged her dress, and assisted her to rise. She seemed much alarmed, far more, I thought, than the occasion warranted, took his arm and leaned heavily on it as she entered the house; and apparently considering that to be a sufficient introduction, she has called him her "knight" ever since, and claims his services on every occasion. As I am seated at this moment at my window writing, I see Mr. Herbert putting her on her horse for a ride with him. Every one is saying how fascinating she is, and how becoming the dress is, but to mind she cannot compare with my sweet Edith, although I have been fancying lately that she is paler than she ought to be; probably that is from the late hours.

Aug. 9th.—As I entered the drawing-room this morning, just after breakfast, I caught the sweet notes of a voice I dearly loved, and saw Edith seated at the piano, Mr. Herbert turning over her music, and Mr. Mervyn and two or three other gentlemen, whom I did not know from having been so much up stairs, leaning on the instrument, and listening with evident admiration to the simple ballads which are certainly Edith's forte. Just as she was in the midst of a plaintive, touching air, which every one felt, the door flew open, and Miss Flora Travers, dressed in the latest extreme of "sundown," trimmed with scarlet velvet, and scarlet jacket, to match, rushed into the room, with "Now, gentlemen, I am ready; excuse me, Miss Bolton, but I have already detained my cavaliers; I have a bet with them that I will beat them all at ten-pins this morning."

Edith rose instantly, in spite of some feeble requests on the part of the gentlemen, that she would at least finish that song.

"Come, Mr. Herbert," said Miss Travers, as he laid Edith's music together and closed the piano, "I am tired of waiting."

"Are you going?" said Edith, turning to him in surprise.

"Of course he is going, Miss Bolton. Do you suppose I could do without my trusty knight? Do not attempt to win him from his allegiance, for you will certainly fail;" and with an air which was meant to be playful, but to which to me seemed singularly bold she crossed the room, and passed her arm within that of Mr. Herbert.

"Do not misunderstand me, Miss Travers, I have no desire to interfere with Mr. Herbert's movements in any way whatever. I merely understood that he had made another engagement." Could that be my own sweet, gentle Edith?—she spoke with such cold dignity that I scarcely recognized her.

"Oh! Miss Bolton, I had forgotten—Miss Travers, I cannot go with you this morning," said Mr. Herbert, looking much embarrassed.

I started as I saw the sudden flash of passion in Miss Traver's face, but recovering herself instantly, she turned to him and said, with an insinuating air, and fixing her eyes on him with a pleading expression:

"You cannot break your word to me. I have your promise, and besides, you know, I should have no pleasure unless you went."

Frederic Herbert hesitated, and seemed at a loss how to act.

"I trust, Mr. Herbert," said Edith very quietly, "that you will follow your own inclinations, and go with Miss Travers."

"I regret having inadvertently alluded to an engagement which it seems you had forgotten." And with a distant inclination of her head, she passed them and left the room.

"Do come, all of you," said Miss Travers as she left the parlor, hurrying Frederic Herbert with her. "Some people always make such a fuss about nothing."

The last words were uttered as they reached the piazza; and although I could not catch Mr. Herbert's answer if he made any, I could not fail to see the triumphant gleam in her eye as she marched off with the captive.

An hour later I saw Edith with a little basket on her arm, crossing the fields alone, as I sat at my window, and instantly divined the nature of the engagement she had alluded to. The day that we arrived we met Mr. Herbert, as I mentioned, at the foot of the mountain, where he had come to see one of the miners, who had received a very severe injury a short time before, in a mine where he was working, crushing one of his feet so seriously as to require amputation. Mr. Herbert had been visiting him frequently, reading to him, and cheering him up by the kind interest he showed for him. He had persuaded Edith to go there with him, and they had been in the habit of walking down the mountain to his house constantly, to carry him any little delicacy which they could procure. There was something about the loneliness of that walk, particularly after the scene which I had just witnessed, which impressed me so sadly, that I rose, and was turning away from the window, when I heard voices on the piazza below, and caught my darling's name.

"Do you not know who it is? I can enlighten you. None other than the subject of our bet."

"Not Miss Bolton—and unattended!"

"Even so. Ha! old fellow! You will find I was sharper than you thought. You will see how much chance there is of your winning it, when I tell you that Miss Travers won the day this morning, in a pitched battle between them, and carried him off herself—conqueror at last."

Unfortunately I could not avoid hearing this conversation, most reluctant as I was to do so. The speakers' voices were unknown to me, but that my own precious Edith could be made the subject of a bet, as their words seemed to imply, was to me beyond belief. At this moment a third party apparently joined them, for I heard another voice, and the words:

"What's that about winning? Any bets up? I'm your man."

"Ha! Elwood, is that you?" said the first speaker. "Here's Tremaine will be thankful if you will take a bet off his hands, which he finds he's going to lose."

"Nothing of the kind, Elwood. Montague makes a terrible fuss about a basket of champagne. I consider the money well spent in her service, even if I lose, which I am by no means certain I shall do even yet."

"*Her* service! Ha!—a lady in the case! That becomes interesting. Let us have it by all means, Montague. What is the bet?"

"Why, you must know that, on principle, I always flirt with the prettiest girl at a watering-place; and as Miss Travers wasn't here, I was going to put in for that little Bolton girl, when I found Herbert was in earnest, and would be apt to resent it. It is all well enough when a man is only amusing himself, but if he's serious, he won't stand that kind of thing, and I didn't care to kick up a fuss; I didn't think it would pay. So I happened to say to this fellow here that I would bide my time. Flora Travers was coming. Herbert had never seen her, and was sure to be caught in her trap, transfer his allegiance, and leave the field to me with the other one. He, like a fool, took up Herbert's cause; said that he wouldn't look at the Travers—wasn't that kind of man, and a hundred other absurd things, which ended in my betting him a basket of champagne, that before two weeks were over the Bolton girl would be thrown overboard, and he caught in the meshes of Miss Travers's net. You saw what occurred this morning. Do you wonder that he trembles for his bet?"

"What a fool Herbert is!" said the one whom they had called Elwood. "Poor moth! Let him singe his wings in Miss Flora's flame—next week he'll be called to account. George Bronson is coming then, and he'll have to look out."

"Is that really an engagement? I thought it must be a mistake."

"I don't know about its being an engagement. I only know that they are to be married in the fall. My sister told me before I left home, that her trousseau was in preparation, and was exciting a terrible commotion from its extravagance and great magnificence. But let us go over to the ten-pin alley and see how they are coming on. I promised her last night to join her party this morning, but the day proved so warm, I slipped out of the way when she was starting. Tremaine, I'm sorry for you, but you'll have to fork over that champagne." And sauntering off together, their voices were soon lost in the distance.

I sat for some moments, after they had gone, perfectly motionless, feeling stunned and sickened by what I had heard. That my pure, gentle little flower, so modest and retiring, should be a theme for such conversation, and, worst of all, the subject of a bet, seemed to me too terrible. The more I looked at the whole thing, the more I thought it over, the worse it appeared in every light. That a woman, on the eve of her marriage, could, merely for the sake of admiration for the moment, stoop to use every art to attract and fascinate a man whose heart she must see was another's, seemed to me, with the exalted view which I have ever had of a woman's nature, perfectly incomprehensible; and even now I must trust that Flora Travers was but the exception which proves the rule.

My painful meditations were suddenly disturbed by Mr. Pembroke's entrance, saying, in his bright, cheerful voice:

"Well, it is all settled at last. I have just been making arrangements for our mining party, and if it is pleasant weather, Mr. Mervyn and I propose taking as many as are anxious to go to-morrow morning."

"Oh! Albert, are you sure it is quite safe for you?" said I, regretting much that he had decided to try it. He had spoken of it constantly since our arrival, but his illness, and the very delicate state of his lungs, had made me so unwilling for him to run any risk, that I trusted he had abandoned the idea.

"Nonsense, Ellen," said he. "I am as well as ever now, and there is no fatigue about it. A very short walk will bring us to the entrance, and we need go no further into the mine than we choose to do. No, no! I have disappointed my little Edith long enough. She shall have her excursion. By the way, Ellen, what makes the child so white lately? She is losing her roses. Is the air too bracing for her?"

A knock at the door at the moment prevented the necessity of a reply. The servant entered, and Mr. Pembroke left the room.

"I have missed you this morning, darling," said I, as Edith entered my room as usual before going to dinner; "have you been to see your poor old friend?"

"Yes, dear aunt, I was so glad that I had gone; his wife had gone out for a day's work, and he seemed to find the children more than he could manage, lying there helpless as he was."

"And have you been playing child's-nurse?"

"Oh, no! not that; but I had taken some picture books I found at the shop up here down with me, and they seemed to enjoy listening to the stories and having the pictures explained, and I thought, under the circumstances, it was better to read to them than to their father;—he seemed to enjoy it too. I was afraid I was a little late, for I waited till a neighbor came in, who had promised to get their dinner for them."

As I looked at my bonnie bairn, I marvelled at the calmness and peace of her expression. She was very pale, and a loving ear could catch an echo of sadness in her tone, and an extreme gentleness of manner which differed much from her usual gay light-heartedness;—but nothing beyond this, and I could not avoid an inward thanksgiving, that she had sought the best balm for a wounded heart—bearing comfort and happiness to others.

* * * * * *

I was roused in the middle of the night by a smell of burning, and finding that it was not in our room, my first thought was of Edith. Throwing on a wrapper, and taking my candle, I hurried to her door, and was much alarmed to see a light from the ventilator over the door. I knocked quickly; she opened the door at once, and I was surprised to find her completely dressed. Her books of devotion were lying on the table, and I had evidently interrupted her reading.

"Is uncle ill, dear aunt?" said she quickly.

I explained what had brought me there. "But, Edith," said I, "do you know that it is after two o'clock? Can it be possible that you have not yet gone to bed?"

"I did not feel like sleeping, dear aunt. I have been sitting reading. I did not know that it was so late," said she, but there was a heavy weariness in her tone which went to my heart. I took her hand; it was cold as marble.

"Edith, this is wrong, my child; you must have rest; you will be ill."

"Certainly, dear aunt. I will bid you good-night at once. But listen—was not that a knock at the door?"

I opened it, and found that there was much excitement in the galleries. Various slippered and wrappered individuals were making their way up and down stairs. And just as the commotion had reached its height, there was a satisfactory announcement telegraphed through the house, that the cause of this burning smell had been discovered. The servants had left some woolen clothes to dry, near the kitchen fire; they had been slowly scorching for some time, filling the house with the smell, and would, in a short time, in all probability, have been in a blaze, had they not been discovered. Every one scattered instantly. But I insisted on remaining till I saw my darling safely in bed—petting and soothing her to sleep, as I had done many and many a time, ere I had dreamed that life's cares could ever shadow that innocent brow.

CHAPTER IV.

Aug. 10th.—Was it this morning,—only this morning that we started, such a merry, happy party, to the coal-mine? And now—it seems as though months, not hours, had passed since then. I press my hand upon my brain and try to think it all some hideous dream. But that heavy, oppressed breathing which comes to me from the bed, and worse—the dread, the horror of not knowing what is yet to be borne, makes me realize that it is only, all too terribly true. Why do I write, when every nerve is quivering, every pulse throbbing with the intensity of my terror and suspense? I cannot tell, save that it seems a vent for my overwrought feelings. I shall go mad if I sit still in this state much longer; and a sudden impulse seizes me, to calm myself by writing it down, just as it all occurred.

Yes, it was this morning. How brightly we started;—a party of about twenty, for we found that many of the young ladies wished to join us, and of course the gentlemen followed in their train. Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn, Miss Seymour, Miss Hamilton, Miss—but why give the names of those whom I have not previously described, because my interest was always focused upon Edith, and those whose actions were in any way connected with her. Miss Travers of course was of the party, and, as we left the door, called to Mr. Herbert, who was seated there, reading, to come instantly to her as she wanted him. I could not avoid noticing as he passed us to go to her, how dreadfully he looked; and it seemed to me, with what reluctance he obeyed her command; evidently he had not secured his own happiness in destroying another's. Edith had joined us in starting; but Alfred Mervyn had claimed her, and she was walking with him, when Miss Travers called Frederic Herbert. I know I am tediously minute, but I linger over every detail connected with my own, my precious Edith.

The next words I caught were, "Not going! Mr. Herbert! That is a little too good a joke. Letters! nonsense, they must wait; what is any business to a lady's wishes? Yes, sir, you are going; and you are going to carry my umbrella for me, and shade me from this horrible sun," and handing her umbrella to him, I saw him raise it, and walk on, holding it over her head.

The strange novelty of leaving the outer world and penetrating the earth's depths—the singular and picturesque effect of the miners, grimed as they were with the coal-dust; their little lamps attached to the front of their caps, and flickering here and there through the black darkness; the occasional sound, resembling thunder, as some mass of coal loosened by the picks of the workmen, fell heavily, reverberating through the vaulted passages; the sudden appearance of a horse, drawing a car loaded with coal, emerging from some unseen opening; all gave an air of mystery which had its own charm, and realizing this, we wandered on, unconscious of the cold, dampness, and a peculiarity in the air which produced oppression.

All at once, I felt Mr. Pembroke, on whose arm I was leaning, give a sort of shudder; he paused, gasped for breath, and by the dim lamp of our miner-guide, I saw the fatal current flowing from his lips. What I had so dreaded, had indeed occurred; the chill, damp, and unwholesome air had brought back the hemorrhage.

It so happened that the party were all in advance of us, as Mr. Pembroke had walked slowly, and two of the miners alone remained behind, giving us an account of their underground life.

I laid him down instantly, fanning him with my hat; but agreed with the miners that the sooner he could have other air, the better for him. They picked him up tenderly, and bore him between them through the darkness, whilst I followed, guided by the light of their lamps. Just as we emerged from the mine, we saw a country wagon a little in advance of us; they hailed the driver, who most kindly consented to drive us to the hotel; and in a few moments I found myself seated on the straw in the bottom, supporting my precious husband's head in my arms.

The shock; the suddenness of it all had been so terrible, that I had not thought of Edith till that moment, and I was almost inclined to rejoice that she had gone on with the rest of the party, and thus escaped the suffering which I had been going through. A few moments more, and I was standing watching the physician's face, who had been summoned from the neighborhood, as he stood by my husband's bedside, with his hand upon his pulse.

"Subject to such attacks, you say?"

"He has had several of them before—but never anything so violent; and I have never seen him so prostrated."

I spoke calmly and coldly; it seemed as if I had suddenly been turned to stone, and that I could not know or realize that what was dearer to me than life was lying there, white and unconscious, hanging between life and death.

Was that this morning,—only this morning? oh, no! it must have been months ago.

"Any other physician in the house?" said the doctor, turning suddenly to me, after another long and silent study of the patient before him.

"None. But I will write at once for our own. He would come, I know; and he understands Mr. Pembroke's constitution." And I hurriedly took up my writing-case from the table at my side.

He laid his hand on it.

"It would be of no use," he began, then apparently seeing that I was not the stone I must have appeared before, he added quickly; "I mean, I will telegraph, that will be better; give me his address at once."

The necessity of doing something, combined with the air of authority in his voice, nerved me once more, and I rapidly wrote the desired words. He took it; and as he left the room, after having given me his directions, he added,

"You must be aware, madam, that perfect stillness is vitally important. Should he rouse, he must see no sign of agitation on your part—it might be fatal. I will order the house kept as quiet as it can be; I will be here again in a few hours."

I bowed my head as he left the room. I was calm enough then, petrified it seemed, but how long would it continue? I threw myself on my knees, by my husband's side, and in the long silence that followed, sought and found the only strength of any avail in such an hour as this.

Suddenly the sound of merry voices broke on the dreadful stillness; the mining-party was returning. Poor Edith! In the midst of my own woe, I could not help grieving for the shock to her; for I knew how fondly she loved her uncle. But the thought of her was lost the next moment in dread lest the loud talking might rouse the sleeper. I dared not move. I knew not what to do. And they were coming nearer. Evidently they had not heard of the illness.

"Flora, what a shameful flirt you are! Poor Mr. Herbert! It is too bad. Every one thought he was engaged to Miss Bolton, before you came. What do you think Mr. Bronson will say?"

"Dear me! who cares what he says? Time enough for him to control me, when the knot is tied; besides—what do you come to watering-place for, if not to amuse yourself? Every one understands it is just for the time, and means nothing."

"Oh, Flora! I don't think every one understands anything of the kind. And I think it is unpardonable to lead men on as you do."

"Love of power, my dear. I choose to show Frederic Herbert that he cannot resist me; and the difficulty of the thing, makes it ten-fold more attractive than an easy conquest; but you will see I shall carry the day yet."

At this moment, a sudden "Oh, girls hush!" and a whispered conversation showed me that some one was at last securing the all important quiet; but the next minute I heard Miss Travers say, "And are we all to be kept quiet for one sick man? that is rather too much to ask, I think. The house is a public one—and he has no more right here than any one else, if he is ill. He had better be taken home, and not interfere with other people's pleasures." And crossing the hall, I heard her enter her room, slamming the door after her. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BELLA Z. SPENCER, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEP'ER 30, 1865.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined: "Not as Expected." "To the Living—For the Dead." "Mabel Dead." "Farewell to Home." "The Reunion." "Pen Droppings." "Gone! Gone! Gone!" "The Music of the Æolian Harp."

TO OUR READERS.

In becoming one of the proprietors of THE POST, I feel that my first duty should lead me to make a proper acknowledgment for all the kindness and encouragement I have received at the hands of its readers. Most especially do I desire to return thanks to my lady friends, to whose warm and generous support I owe much of the success which has attended me as an editress. It is needless for me to say that the duties of such a position as mine are neither few nor light. I am assured that this is well understood. But I have been happy in the performance, because of the sincere sympathy and encouragement which have been offered me generously from every source. My object has been to test a woman's capacity for usefulness; and in being made to feel that my undertaking was not a failure, I have enjoyed the richest boon that can fall to the lot of an earnest woman.

In future my aim will be to make THE POST acceptable to all classes of readers, keeping it pure from all that could offend, and infusing into its columns life, strength, and beauty. I cannot fear a failure with the support of those whose names appear in our corps of contributors, and look forward to the future of my enterprise with the most pleasing anticipations.

To the friends of my own sex I look most confidently for aid, encouragement, and sympathy still, because of the motive which prompts me to action. In laboring for woman, I shall feel the blessing of womanly appreciation, and sincerely hope that no one will desert me in the future whose influence has been so cheering in the past. BELLA Z. SPENCER.

A NEW STORY

BY

EMERSON BENNETT.

We have the pleasure of announcing to our readers that we have made an engagement with that well-known and very popular author, EMERSON BENNETT, to write, after the expiration of a short period, *exclusively for the Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Bennett designs commencing with the first paper of the new year, a story which will run through from about twelve to fifteen numbers of THE POST.

Such a large number of newspaper readers are acquainted with the merits of Mr. Bennett as a writer of fiction, that we need only make this simple announcement for the present. In a short time we shall probably give the name of the work with which Mr. Bennett designs leading off in his contributions to THE POST, and which will probably be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region, which was then generally called by the pioneers of civilization "the dark and bloody ground."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

THE OCTOBER number of this periodical, now issued, opens with a beautiful steel engraving, called "THE WANDERER'S RETURN." The sentiment of this engraving is very touching—the wanderer has come back to the scenes of his youth, and gazes with a heart full of emotion on the church where in childhood he passed so many pleasant and reverential hours. Of the Fashion Plate of this number we need only say that it is equal to any of its predecessors. Ladies tell us that the fashion plates of this magazine are particularly fine. The Music is "Minnie Minton, or I'll Meet You in the Morning," (Song and Chorus.) *The music alone of this magazine is worth more than the price of the book—did our fair readers ever consider that?* Then we have numerous engravings of "The Corded Corsage," "Zuleima Jacket," "Patterns for Morning Caps," "Riding Habit," "Evening Head Dress," "Bodice with Basque," &c., &c. We give the

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NOVELTIES FOR OCTOBER. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
New Publications.
Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines furnished as Premiums.* Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SPEECH.

Of all the gifts with which God has endowed His human creature, that of speech is the most conspicuous, the most distinguishing. It is this which gives man his pre-eminence over all the rest of the animal kingdom. This is the separating link between the finite instinct, and the infinite reason. To the articulate voice, more than to anything else, man owes his ascendency in the creation. Could we not touch the ear of love with tones of tenderness; were we unable to utter the kind, trusting words of friendship; unable to express to one another our aspirations for goodness on earth, and our hopes of happiness in the future; had we not the faculty of communicating the great truths of nature, the great discoveries of her laws, the great fact of the world's experience and skill; in short, were we without the power of language, though with all the other powers we now possess, what dumb fools we should be! with nothing but the inarticulate blessings, the uncouth and unmeaning noises of the animal instinct to indicate the wonderful workings of the intelligent, immortal soul!

Since speech is so important a faculty of our nature, is it not surprising that we treat it so slightly, and so rarely cast a thought on its culture? Indeed, that so far from taking pains to improve the voice, we tone it down to a cold mannerism for fear of offending by expressing in it any emotion. Hardly any one reads or speaks as well as he might, ashamed or afraid of his own heart beats, a dull, monotonous sound trailing over the ear, when, with a little modulation, a little varying of the organs, and the music of word and manner would thrill the soul of the hearer, running along the electric chain of thought and feeling, sparkling and brimming over, the soul leaping up and outward, endowed with new power, life, and motion. Not evanescent, short lived, and forgotten, but living in noble acts and deeds more worthy of one made in His image.

Strange as it may seem, nearly all the elocution that we have is among little children, before the voice has learned to play the hypocrite for the heart. Listen to them in their unconstrained plays; in their little bursts of joy; in their moments of sorrow; in their living correctness and artless enthusiasm, and learn what is lost by becoming men and women. True, we hear much said of elocution—have teachers, professors, and trainers of the voice, and some do well, while others—beh! if it is the only thing they can do, let them do it. We would not lay a feather on the burden of any one who is doing all he can. It is not long since we sat under the droppings of one of these discourses. The words might have been good, perhaps they were, but there was no more soul in them than in a bulrush, no more life than is a mushroom; and about as much music as there would be in drawing a dishcloth down stairs. Still this was a good man, an educated man, the only thing wanting a knowledge of the wonderful instrument with which God had endowed him, the way and manner of using it.

It is high time that we all set about learning to talk—men, women; and children, and the children will have the least to learn. Talking is an imitative art; and if bad example of manner and pronunciation are set before the young, we may expect a generation of bad talkers.

If mothers only knew their mother tongue, and used it, teachers of elocution would be little needed; every child would grow up with correct

and elegant habits of speech; there would be nothing wanting but compass and power.

The English is a noble language, and well played upon is capable of the highest music.

Unlike some of the sunny languages of Europe it requires considerable effort to speak it, because of its abundance in sharp consonants; but this very effort required to enunciate it imparts one of its chief excellencies, dignified energy. In this quality perhaps it is pre-eminent over all the other civilized tongues, and this makes it peculiarly the language of oratory.

With all of this, how little is it cultivated! What a loss of power voluntarily thrown aside!

A player on musical instruments studies and practices for years. A public singer would not presume to appear for years, studying under the best teachers, with hours of regular daily practice, while a public speaker gets up and bellows away, never once thinking that it is of the least consequence how he says what he has to say. Ask him, and ten chances to one he will tell you this, "It is the matter, not the manner."

At Athens and Rome, orators were trained for the forum with as much care as gladiators for the arena.

There, language was in itself a fine art, pursued with the same assiduity with which music, painting, or sculpture is now. The lowest of the rabble were critics in the niceties of a language tuned to the correct, masterly, magnificent eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero. Then the orator was the chief power—meeting the people face to face in the broad amphitheatres, or the great market spaces, and electrifying them, holding them spell-bound with words of power and earnestness.

What a glorious power the swaying of the world by the living voice! Climbing to the top of influence and fame by the golden rounds of a great utterance.

Not only in ancient times, but in all ages and nations the orator has borne the palm, and his glory has this advantage; it is a living, breathing, present reality while he lives. It is not postponed and left for posterity to recognize his greatness; but it is his own; poverty cannot take it away. Circumstance may circumscribe, but cannot despoil him of his treasure, it is his to do good with, and to bless his fellow men.

But some may say that all cannot be orators. All are not needed to speak in public, but all may cultivate the voice to a surprising degree of excellence, and it is the duty of all to do so. This is a talent God has given us, and we have no right to hide it in a napkin, muffled, drowned, monotonous, and dead.

It is not only a bounden duty to improve to its utmost every faculty that God has given us, but it is due our physical health. Let the organs of the throat be properly exercised, lungs expanded, guarded and properly cared for, and we should have little need of nostrums, pectorals and expectorants; no more flaming handbills affirming the certain cure of all the ills that spring from want of a proper knowledge of the organs of speech. No more fortunes based on humbug; no more marble houses growing out of newspaper puffings. No more of this, but something better—a hearty, healthy people, doing their legitimate work, taking care of the temple in which is lodged for the time being the immortal, ever-living soul.

IMPOSTORS.—A gentleman at Jordan, New York, writes that an "agent" was through that place taking subscriptions for the LADY'S FRIEND; but the magazine never came. *Of course not.* Persons should either send on the money themselves, or subscribe through persons *whom they know.* Generally these pretended agents agree to take less than the regular price—which of course they can well afford to do—knowing that some people, for the chance of saving a few cents, will risk dollars.

A WISH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROBERT REINICK.

I.

I loved thee, but thou knewest it not,
I wished to speak, but to speak dared not,
For a better time I waited.

II.

That better time, ah! I found it not,
Another came, and he lingered not,
From thy heart my image faded.

III.

He may love thee truly—I know it not,
More truly than I—I believe it not—
Would it had been otherwise fated!

JULIA GODDARD.

"GET THEE TO A NUNNERY!"—There is no accounting for the tastes and fickleness of some of the fair sex, as the following will demonstrate:—

"A young lady moving in the upper circles at Chicago, was betrothed at the beginning of the war to a lieutenant in the army. He was killed in battle, and his body taken home and buried by his nearest friend and comrade, who was with him when he fell. To this young man the lady's affections were very naturally transferred in time, and she engaged to marry him. When the happy day arrived, and just as the clergyman was about to pronounce them man and wife, the lady suddenly fainted, and being revived, forbid any further procedure, as she said she had seen the spirit of her former lover, and he was opposed to the match. She persisted in her decision, and has since retired to a convent."

THE NATURE OF DIAMONDS.—Experiments show that diamonds cannot be produced by Plutonic agency, as they become black when subjected to a high degree of temperature. That they are, on the contrary, of Neptunian origin, and were at one time in a soft condition, is proved not only by the impressions of grains of sand and crystals on the surface of some of them, but also by the enclosure of certain foreign bodies, such as other crystals, germinating fungi, and even vegetable structure of a higher organization. If these conclusions be accepted, confirming and extending as they do the views held by Newton, Brewster, and Liebig, diamonds seem to be the final product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances.

☞ A SECRET FOR SCRIBBLERS.—Be brief in everything. Short words, short sentences, and short stories. These make a writer popular with editors and readers. The strength of the Saxon tongue lies in its shortness. No writer can be popular who is polysyllable oftener than occasionally.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

A Mountain of Marl—Queer Habits of Honey Bees—The Chinchillia—Vampires—A Hostile Hermit.

We have been so accustomed to look for marl in beds, or deposits beneath a superstructure of earth of some sorts, and always in territories of low land made up of a secondary formation, that we very naturally look upon a *heap*, or an above-ground accumulation of the material, as an impossibility, and finding such a thing to actually exist, we change our ideas somewhat, and look upon it as a most exceedingly rare phenomenon.

Such an one—and a very giant phenomenon it was—we chanced upon on the very outskirts of South American semi-civilization: a mountain mound, rising sheer, without spur or secondary ascent, from the level bosom of an ocean of flowery meadow, to an altitude of more than three thousand feet above the level of the plain.

This ridge—the only one in the whole of the La Platan Confederacy that has in the least the features of a mountain—has its eastern base, on an average, about one hundred and thirty miles from the coast, its crest running very nearly east and west about two hundred miles of its entire length, and the last hundred of its eastern extremity curving very regularly round to the northward, very like the shape of a sleigh-runner, terminating something abruptly in the parallel of thirty-six degrees of south latitude, while the crest of the straight portion runs exactly under the line thirty-eight degrees.

Though essentially a mountain, this Vulcan range is more like a mound or *tumuli*, and almost as regular in its structure as though hove up and carefully finished by human industry and skill. The sides are smooth and uniform throughout the whole extent, without gully, ravine, or broken in equality, as in all other mountain ranges, its very foot rising at an abrupt angle from the level plain. In general, the whole range is well wooded, the timber being of moderate size, and of many varieties, all of which are unlike anything found in North America.

This Vulcan Range is our "Marl Mountain" of the text, though it is by no means a mountain of marl. There are a variety of earths, and in some places rocks, all indicative of a marine origin, and it is only above the two thousand feet line that marl is found in extensive deposits. But from that altitude to the very summit—which is not a sharp crest, but a *plateau* varying from one-half to two miles in width, the marl formation is almost continuous throughout the entire length of the range, and in many places so little change has the wasting hand of time wrought in these marine deposits, that vast numbers of skeletons of animals, fishes, and shells of ten thousand quaint forms and fashions may be found entire, arguing that "Buenos Ayres" may contribute to the preservation of fossil remains exposed to its influence, as well as the curing of beef and other meats.

To account rationally for these vast deposits of marl at such an altitude, we must either suppose that in some earlier period of the world's history the South Atlantic Ocean flowed three thousand feet deep where now rises from the pampa Mount Vulcan, or else in some one of Nature's mighty throes of maternal labor, a mountain range of more than three hundred miles in length, and three thousand feet in height, was upheaved from the ocean depths, as we know was San Lorenzo and many an island in mid-Pacific.

Though in no place more than seven miles in width at its base, and running, as has been said, very nearly due east and west for two-thirds of its entire length, the Vulcan Range has two distinct climates: that of the southern slope, from its exposure to the long and continuous bleak southern winds sweeping down from the wintry regions of Cape Horn, and the chilly rains of June, July, and August, render that side of the mountain comparatively desolate, cold, and unproductive, while the northern slope, enjoying annually nine months of almost consecutive sunshine, and shielded from the semi-Antarctic winds of winter, is almost tropical in its climate, yielding flowers in profusion wherever the forest growth gives place to the beautiful sloping glades.

We found honey-bees in abundance all along the northern face of the mountain, the insect differing essentially, both in appearance and habits, from those of the United States, or any that I have seen elsewhere in South America. The insect is about twice the size of our domestic bee, jet black, with the exception of a very white face and two broad, brilliant golden bands about the abdomen. The insect is stingless, but Nature has partially compensated for this formidable weapon by endowing the Vulcan bee with a biting capacity equal to that of the gad-fly. The bee is an abundant honey-gatherer, but as they are not gregarious, each worker among the flowers lays in his stock of sweets on his individual account, selecting, as a rule, for his place of deposit the cavities of marine shells, in innumerable instances found entire in the marl beds of the mountain, though we found thousands of beautifully wrought honey-pits, an inch in width and three in depth, bored out as smooth as turned ivory, in the fine compact marl, and filled with delicious honey, enclosed in an elastic sack or sheath, fitting the cavity as nicely as a cartridge does the bore of a musket, but entirely detached from the sides of the cell, so that the sheath could be readily drawn out without disturbing the contents. Many of these little honey-pots we appropriated while traversing the northern slope of the Vulcan Range at the expense of only a sharp nip occasionally from the enraged insects, which, after all, are nothing like so severe as the stings of our domestic bees, or sometimes an uneasy conscience.

It was along the southern slope of the Vulcan Mountains that we first saw, in any considerable numbers, the Chinchillia, the beautiful little animal, something between a deer and a rabbit, that a few years since supplied so large a proportion of our children's and misses' furs. It is a pity that arbitrary fashion has set her seal of disapprobation upon the material, and taken into favor the more expensive furs of various kinds. The *Chinchilla* is a pretty and neat fur—not quite so enduring as mink or sable, but so much cheaper that one might afford three new suits of it for one of the more aristocratic material.

The animal is semi-rodent, subsisting partially on roots and the bark of trees, and partly on the herbage of the plain and mountain glades. Its habits by day are very like that of the deer, only it seems to be a more socially disposed animal, grazing sometimes in herds of hundreds, all as sportive as lambs; but at night it burrows like the rabbit, only that the Chinchillia invariably has a household of four—the parents and a pair of young, who are as inevitably paired off, the male and his female, as were Noah's brigades of wild animals in their ark-ward march. The elder-born Chinchillas are housed and supported by the parents until the advent of the second generation, when the first-born pair are driven forth to seek a home, and go to housekeeping by themselves. It is said by those who profess, and ought to know, that the animal never breeds out of the family, and that each pair are devoted exclusively to each other until separated by death. I am not prepared to endorse this statement as a fact, though inclined to believe it is such.

The flesh of the Chinchilla is unusually white, tender, juicy and very sweet, esteemed as a delicacy by those fond of hare, but I confess I found it entirely too *rabbity* to suit my taste, though a majority of our party ate it with great relish apparently, pronouncing it excellent.

We first struck the base of the Vulcan Range, about one hundred miles from its eastern extremity, and journeying westward, we zigzagged our course up and down the southern slope from base to summit, until we turned its western limits, and then journeyed eastward, traversing its northern face in the same manner until we reached a point opposite that where we first encountered the range, so that Mount Vulcan was very thoroughly topographised by our party.

On the first night of our mountain bivouac we found the great red *vampire* flitting about us in great numbers, and during that night little rest or sleep did one of us—man, woman, horse or dog get on account of the insidious attacks of these persevering blood suckers. But before another night we had supplied ourselves liberally with the *Herba Tecka*, a pleasant aromatic herb, not unlike in appearance, and having something the odor of the common peppermint, so obnoxious to these nocturnal phlebotomists, that not a vampire will ever approach anything scented with it. So we rubbed down horses, humanity and dogs every evening with a handful of *Herba Tecka*, and were exempt from the attacks of the mischievious red blood-hunters.

The Red Vampire Bat of the southern hemisphere is not nearly so large as a turkey gobbler—neither does he ever in any instance fasten upon a horse or human victim during sleep, draining his veins of every drop of blood, leaving him to awaken at leisure and find himself dead, as one or two travellers have asserted. But in reality the red vampire is a formidable fellow enough—exactly in form and features like our common North American bat, but quite as large as an ordinary wild pigeon, a dark, ochre red in color, and a muzzle like a night-hawk, he is by no means prepossessing in appearance.

He will suck blood, too—the vampire. That is unquestionable, and where several of the pests attaching themselves at the same time to any small, feeble animal, will undoubtedly drain it entirely of blood, leaving it lifeless. We came upon a good many Chinchillas that from appearances we were confident had been bled to death by red vampires.

On our third day's travel, I think it was, along the northern side of the mountain, we came in the fore afternoon, about half way up the slope upon a most strange, and for a single individual, a something formidable enemy. The thing seemed semi-human, but hideous beyond description—a giant in stature, with an immense beard, and a shock of coarse white hair, tangled and matted—clad in wide-legged trowsers that descended only to the knees, bare legs and feet, a sort of loose pea-jacket of chinchilla skins, and armed with a lasso, three long wooden spears, pointed with bone, a bow and rude quiver of arrows, I had never seen savage looking so uncivilized.

As we emerged from a belt of woodland into one of the open glades, the monster of the mountain set upon us with a roar like that of an enraged puma, first hurling one of his spears that barely went clear of the doctor's neck, and quivered in the hill-side ten yards beyond him. Then the wild man let fly two arrows, one of which drove through our most valuable dog, the other drawing blood from the leg of Cator's horse, and the fire of the captain's revolver—to no purpose, however, as the monster was skipping to and fro, and yelling so infernally, that our animals went into a lively reel, inspired by terror, and even our stoutest dogs slunk away to the rear, absolutely frightened at the hideous monster.

We might have brought down the belligerent with a volley from our fire arms, but it seemed cruel to kill a single old man evidently crazy, so with our lassoes we subjugated, and a taste of brandy from one of our flasks, had so humanizing an effect upon the captive, that he became quiet directly, and communicative in his queer fashion, conveying his intelligence mostly by signs, but mixing in here and there with his uncouth gestures, a word in a place of English, French, Spanish, and Dutch in so nearly equal proportions, and such a barbarian accent, that it was quite impossible to learn anything as to his history or to what nation he had once belonged. He might have been forty years old, or twice that age—there was nothing in his appearance save the long white hair and beard indicative of extreme old age, and he was certainly active and vigorous as a youth of twenty.

After considerable hesitation, the hermit led us to his habitation—a sort of oven which he had burrowed into the marl bed and made quite cosy and comfortable by lining the walls with fine skins, and ornamenting them with stuffed birds and small animals which he had put up very cleverly.

We found within the hermit's grotto material which indicated at least, if it did not prove the man's former avocation. There was a marine chronometer made by Arnold & Dent, London, bearing the date of 1793, two excellent telescopes, several marine charts—English, French, and Spanish lining the walls of the cave, a good many old nautical books, and a variety of tools and culinary implements that had evidently once been the furniture of a ship. But we could gather nothing definite from them or the man himself by which we could fix his nationality.

The hermit had patches of corn, sweet potatoes and upland rice growing, some fowls, and quite a herd of domesticated Chinchillas, so that with a snug kitchen and several pots and kettles, he was not so absolutely a savage after all.

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Gadall Gleanings.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ERAW.

Jake Cole Goes Into Business.

That's right, Sook, packin' up yer close! That looks like business. You'n Jake a goin' down ter yer mother Cole's this mornin'? Well, I think it's about time, Jake's ben hum, now, nigh on ter tew weeks, an' that's quite long anough for a well, strong man ter loaf round an' live upon his friends. It's high time 't Jake went inter some kind o' business; don't you think so, Sook?

"He *has* hired out?" Lor sakes, he *has*, has he! Hired out tew dew what? Teach school? School-teachin' 's a good, genteel, respectable business, an' besides it leaves a man consid'able spare time. 'Taint often, 't be sure, 't a man gits rich by school-teachin'. I dunno as I ever see a single person thet *did*; but then its a respectable business, an' I should rather see Jake in that then in some others 't he might take up. I hope 't—what's that, Sook? "Jake don't take no fancy ter school-teachin'?" Fancy! What's *fancy* ter dew with *business*, I'd jest like ter know? Aint it really, school-teachin' 't he's a goin' inter? *Taint?* Now, then, I sh'd be glad ter hear what he *does* fancy. His larnin' is good anough to teach school, aint it? Well, I thought it was. I allers hearn say, ever sence Jake was knee high tew a cricket thet he was smart at books, an' figgers, an' sich. All them Cole's is smart enough that way, and they've all on 'em got lots o' ingenooity, but they haint none on 'em ever seemed ter git rich by it. They don't none on 'em seem ter understand how ter lay up money. I dew hope it won't be so with Jake, now I dew, really. But what upon airth has Jake Cole got agin school-teachin'? It's a goodeel genteeler business 'n any he's ever ben in yit. What? "He haint nothin' agin it on'y it don't suit him?" Well, then, what *does suit* him, I jest ask ter know? What's he hired out fur? Keepin' books?

"No, taint that?" What fur massy's sake is it then? Why don't ye tell a body? He aint a goin' inter spekerlatin', is he? I hope ter goodness he aint, 'cause ef he does, jest 's like 's not, he'll spend all o' your property an' what little he's saved o' his own airnins in a little while, an' you'n an' he'll come ter poverty. "I need't be afeerd o' his turnin' spekerlater?" Needn't, hey? What say? "Jake don't consider spekerlatin' as no more 'n genteel robbery?" The deary sus! What a tender conscience he *must* have! Spekerlatin' compared tew robbery! Oh my! then I guess ther's a good many nice folks in the world that's robbers; yis, lots an' lots on 'em.

Wall, is Jake goin' inter army contractin'?

What say? "Army contractin' is done with, now 't the war's over?" Taint, though, is it? Deary me, why so it must be, mustn't it? That 'll be bad fur Malerky, won't it? I haint heered from him now fur a few weeks. I wonder how it'll be with him ef *that's* all done with? Wall, I hope he'n his father-'n-law's made enough so 't they can afford to retire from business, at least fur a spell, till somethin' else turns up that 'll pay. What's that you're a sayin', Sook? "Army contractin' is the meanest kind o' stealin' when it's carried on as *some* folks dooe it?" Shame on ye, Sook! What d'ye mean? D'ye intend ter say 't yer own brother's a rascally robber? "Yis, ef he's made a big fortin' out o' the poor sojers necessities?" Now, Sook, don't talk no more sich stuff ter me. Business is business, an' what a man makes in fair an' honest trade he's a right tew. What say? "Ther's a goodeel o' trade thet *aint* fair an' honest?" So there may be plenty on it thet haint nothin' ter dew with Malerky an' his business. Come now, Sook, I jest want yer ter stop these here mean flings an' hints. Taint nyther perlite nor agreeable ter me, an' I won't hear it. Malerky's smart, and he's made a goodeel o' money in the larst four years, an' I haint a mortal doubt but what he did it all fair an' above board. Of course I haint.

You hev? Wall then hold yer tongue an' keep yer doubts ter yerself. What business is it o' yourn?

Ef you was ter go ter Malerky's now an' see the style 't he lives in—a splendid Gothic house, an' piazzas all around it, an' bay winders, an' dormouse winders, an' all sorts o' winders, no tew alike, an' carpets jest like velvit, step on 'em an' yer foot 'll sink right intew 'em, an' they look fur all the world jest as ef there was lived roses an' posies, jest picked an' throwed right ontew 'em, an' *sich* splendid chairs, an' sofas, an' rockermans, an' tetytetes, an' goe—goe—goe—geelanders, I believe it is—

"Girandoles."

Yis, girandals or some kind o' randall, an' pictere in the splendidest frames, an' mirrors, an' *everything* splendid—jest as splendid as it can be. I say ef you was ter go there an' see all them splendid things, I guess you'd be glad ter live in sich a place, an' say nothin' about how the money come.

"How did I know so much about things in Malerky's house?" Why, didn't he tell me all about it when he was down here last spring? Why 't was enamost jest like seein' things with my own eyes, ter hear him tell on it, an' he says ter me, says he "Ma, you must jest come up an' see what we've got, an' how we live." An' so I do a goin' up jest as soon 's ever I git things regerlated here ter my mind, so 't I can leave.

Didn't Malerky tell you nothin' about his splendid house, an' furnitar, an' grounds, an' grapery, an' all?

You never *wanted* ter hear about 'em? Why not?

"You telled him you didn't wanter hear o' no splendor made by cheatin' poor sojers?" No wonder he never described his beautiful residuno tew ye. *I* wouldn't not ef I'd a ben in his place. But now, Sook, it's outrageous for you ter talk as you dew. Malerky made his money in trade; an' ef one man has a thing ter sell, an' another man buys it at the fust man's price, whet's the cheatin' ur the robbin', I wanter know? Come, I think your'e carryin' things a most tew fur. Shan't you never go a visitin' tew Malerky's? "Not while he lives in splendor on what he's screwed out o' poor sojers?" Poor sojers, indeed! *Poor sojers!* Thet is your continooal cry. I believe ter my soul it's 'cause you're harnessed fur life tew a poor sojer. For *one*, I'm clean sick an' tired out a hearin' on ye run on about the wrongs o' poor sojers. I don't wanter hear no more o'nt.

But you haint telled me yit what sort o' business *your* poor sojer was a goin' inter. Has he got a place in a store? "No?" What then? Is he agoin' ter travel ter sell books an' maps, an' sich? "No?" Pshaw! Wall, is he goin' out ter pick up chips, ur black boots, ur saw wood, ur any other nice respectable business? "Not any 't I've mentioned?" What sort then thet I haint mentioned has your poor sojer chose?

Scissors an' lightnin', Sook, did I understand you right? Did you say 't your Jake was a goin' inter a factory ter work? Not *your* husband—not *my* son-in-law—not the hon'able Bennydad Scranton's son-in-law, Sook! *Taint* so now, is it?

"Yis, an' no backin' out?" I say it's mean! I say it's most confoundid mean o' him, Sook, I dew vum it is!

What's he a goin' inter a fact'ry fur? of all things in the world? Jest as ef ther warnt nothin' else under the sun 't he could dew. Why, common fact'ry hands aint respectable, Sook. They aint thought nothin' on in the highest classes.

Now Jake, he could keep books, ur teach a school, ur travel for a nagency, ur—wall ther's a good many things 't he could dew if he was a minter, an' be respectable, an pass in the fust society—but *ter work in a fact'ry!!*

It 'll dew fur some poor, mean, low-bred folks thet dunno nor can't dew nothin' else; but for one o' *my* family! What's thet, Sook? "It's forty times more respectabler then Malerky's business?" No taint nuther. Malerky rides in a harnsome kerridge, an' wears white linen bosoms an' black cuts every day, an' looks like a gentleman; an' don't go about from Monday mornin' ter Saturday night smutty as a chimbly-back, an' smellin o' grease like a old oil can.

What? "Taint *dress* 't makes a gentleman?" What is it then? Jake won't look like a gentleman, I'm sure, when he's up ter the rutes o' his hair in machinery, an' all grimed up with nasty black oil.

What say? "Jake won't get so very smutty after all?" Why not, I wanter ask? Aint he a goin' right inter the nasty horrible mill ter work? "He can dress well enough ef he *is*?" Sho, Sook! now what's the use o' talkin' so? Jake ain't no sich a feller as ter dress above his work, I know he aint. An' ef he was, why 't would on'y be sheer waste an' extravagance. Taint no use talkin' about Jake's dressin' decent an' workin' in the fact'ry. Haint I seen em—them fact'ry hands—a bull string on 'em a comin' frum the mill with ther cuts off, an' ther bine shirt-sleeves rolled up above ther elbows, an' ther hats all squat out o' shape, an ther black pants, an' ther hands, an' ther faces, an' all, covered with one continooal shine o' black greasy dirt? Don't *I* know 't a body can't work in the mill an' keep ther close nyther smellin' nor lookin' decent? "You 'spoot I know?" "I dorter." What be you a flingin' out *now*, Sook? "I know 't I've worked in the mill myself?" You saucy, good-for-nothin' hussy! Who telled ye any sich lie as thet? *I* never did? "Taint a lie, an' I know it?" W—a—ll, Sook Cole! ther aint no bounds ter yer impertunce. I really *shall* be glad when you're ter yer mother Cole's. But what's the reason Jake's a goin' ter work in the mill, an' at the same time dress like a gentleman? hey? "He's a goin' ter be superintendent?" Did I hear straight? You say *Jake's* a goin' ter be super? What, o' the White Rock mill? He *is*? O—o—h, yes, b'm! wall, *that* alters the case. He'll git pooty big wages ef he's super o' *thet* mill, won't he? How much d'ye think? "Jake told ye not two tell how much?" Provokin'! What did he dew thet fur? "An' they've gin him incouragement o' goin' inter partnership with the concern?" They *haint* though, hev they? They hev sure? Wall *that's* good. It'll be a fustrate investment fur your property; won't it? An' so Jake may git ter be a manoofact'rer. Really now, I dunno but Jake will be somebody, arter all. Of overseers o' mills, an' supers, an manoofact'rers is quite another thing frum poor fact'ry hands workin' at days' works, an' jist livin' from hand ter mouth. Manoofact'rers is amongst our very fust families an' most moneyed men. Some o' the richest folks in the state made ther money all by manoofact'rin'. Wall, wall, mebby Jake won't turn out so bad, arter all did an' said. I wonder ef Malerky won't be turnin' *his* hand ter manoofact'rin, now 't the war's over. I shouldn't wonder an' he would, Sook.

☞ Scarcely had the statue of Dante been erected in Florence when his bones were discovered and set up at Ravenna. The skeleton, which has remained concealed for nearly two hundred years, lacks but few bones of being complete. The height of the poet as deduced from its measurement, is put at one metre seventy centimetres, or something under five feet six. His monument would seem to be his rightful sarcophagus.

"WE FOUR." TO B——.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY H. S. COREY.

Our small bark set her sails of white,
And swanlike laved her bosom's snow,
In rippled waters blue and bright,
Whose beating timed the tided flow

Of blood that surged in youthful veins,
Of song that surged on youthful lips,
That crossed the wave in peri strains,
And thrilled the shore in dulcet sweeps.

Borne softly back from wooded hills,
Its echoes trembled on the air,
And singing round our gleaming sails,
Seemed like a seraph music there.

From out the blue the moonlight fell
On boat, and wave, and sleeping shore;
Shining on four young lives as well—
But shines for them—ah nevermore!

No thought of gone or coming years
Hovered above those fleeting hours,
But childlike all our cares and fears
Slept sweetly as on summer flowers.

So gliding from the world apart,
We traced the starlight quiverings all,
And deemed each star had found a heart,
And marked its pulsings rise and fall.

For every ray that wavered there,
Our hearts an answering impulse knew;
With inner light as pure and fair,
Their depths were flooded through and through.

One small cloud near th' horizon's verge,
Unrolled its white wing on the breeze,
And like our less ethereal barge,
Sailed o'er its own blue summer seas.

Below the waters cool and dark,
Had rounded there a mimic moon,
And laughed to find their elfin bark
Was rocked and cradled with our own.

The light wind touched the curling waves,
Parted the reeds along the shore,
And back from 'mong the locust leaves,
Our robes and foreheads wandered o'er.

A bird the swaying boughs among,
Warbled a good-night on the air,
And in our hearts a happier song
Was sung by loves that nestled there.

So sailed we on! The midnight hours,
Like soft and summer dreams went by,
And still those beating hearts of ours
Gave back the star-throbs of the sky.

Enraptured with a still delight,
Our voices fell in zephyr tones;
Their laughter rippled low and light,
As water falling over stones.

We looked on life's luxuriant ways
Of beams and blossoms new and rare,
Nor thought how soon the hurrying days
Must break the spells that bound us there.

How soon the lightsome feet of one
Should tread the valleys of the East,
Her smiles and tears alike unknown
To him, whose heart her forehead pressed.

Ah! that sweet time made brief delay!
We scarce were conscious of its flight,
Till one dear face was gone for aye,
And one was sadder than the night.

Years have gone by since that frail hand
The stronger palm so closely held,
And he whose heaven love's promise spanned,
Long since its fading hues beheld.

Yet filled with higher, holier thought,
He, too, hath turned from thence away,
And in his Christian purpose wrought,
With blessings gathering on his way.

The fever of the old unrest
Burned out. The long, long wait is still.
His day glides softly to the West,
With sunset peace on vale and hill.

So falls the night! The twilight shades
Must gather where the glow has been,—
Ah! who would wail a life that fades
So fair without, at peace within!

And where art thou? Thy feet alone
Have kept the old accustomed track.
Thy budded hopes to fruitage grown,
May keep thine eyes from turning back.

Thy life is glad with summer beams,
Its green leaves cluster on the bough,
And happier far than bird-note seems
The love-song thou art hearing now.

The clouds that fleck thine azure sky
Float o'er thee white and rainless still.
So sweetly all thy years go by,
Unruffled by the winds that chill.

And I—along the almond hills
I watch the lights and shadows play,
Even like these later joys and ills,
That gleam or darken on my way.

But nestled near, no rippled lake
Laughs softly to my laughter now,
Nor dallying breezes lightly shake
The long plumes of the locust bough.

Its fragile leaflets wave afar,
Nor flutter down our mountain lines;
But winds that nightly gather there,
Make music through the tufted pines.

Their voices lessening down the vale,
Sing low of sylvan fruit and flower;
My lips their thymy breath inhale,
My pulses quicken 'neath their power.

So voices float along my life,
From off the warm, green hills of yore,
On winds whose nightly breath is rife
With memories which were hopes before.

Old echoes from the distant years
Come, wild with love's first thrill of heaven,
Or sad as when, through falling tears,
Its last low cadences are given.

Friend of the dear, old, changeful days,
Whose darling memories even now
Shine sweetly through the gathering haze
Of all the cares that come and go—

I dream that sometimes, when thy heart
Stirred by its zephyr dreams may be,
That eve's fair moonbeams slant athwart
Its rippled depths, and image me.

And so through all a mutual hope
May guide our widely-straying feet,
Till somewhere on life's westward slope,
Our parted paths again may meet;

And thou and I in coming years
May wander down that lake's green shore,
And putting by our cares and fears,
Seem even as we were once more;

And hand in hand, some summer night,
Float under starry skies as then;
But over waters blue and bright,
"We four" shall never sail again.

WHY.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

CHAPTER II.

I never could forget that fair, quaint little woman after our parting at Cincinnati. A wide gap of years lay between us and that last interview, but I had heard no tidings of her—had not the slightest idea of her fate. I could guess that she would meet the world resolutely; and I could believe that she would win the victory in any contest. But I did not *know* what her fortunes had been, and I longed for knowledge. It came to me rather unexpectedly.

We were in New York, and during a brief stay, attended the Theatre one evening to while away time. The play was a much hackneyed one, but always a favorite—"The Lady of Lyons."

"I hope they won't murder it," I said, as we took our seats in a private box. "I have not the philosophy to witness the wilful and wanton murder of a pet. It gives me absolute and unbearable pain."

"What's the difference?" carelessly responded my liege lord. "We don't expect much from 'unknown actors,' and *I* have never heard anything of those who figure upon the bills to-night. I dare say they are all only 'stock,' and not worth much. 'Blessed am he what don't 'spect nothing, cause he won't be disappointed.'"

"But I always 'expect' something when such plays are on the bills. No other than good actors should attempt such pieces. Who plays *Pauline*, I wonder? Let me see the bill. Ah, Madame Urbani."

"And there she is," as the curtain rolled up revealing the first scene. The same instant I caught my breath and leaned forward. Could it be possible! Yes, I knew by the beating of my own heart as I gazed upon the sweet face, with the brown eyes alight, and the brown hair pushed back from the white brow, that *Pauline* was no other than the woman who had sat woefully stricken over her children, the one dead at her feet—the other held closely in her arms, while a crowd, greater than this, looked upon her with pitying, tear-wet eyes.

With my heart in a palpitation, and a flush upon my cheeks, I watched and listened. Her handling of the flowers was girlishly irresistible—her voice wondrously soft and sweet, even in its affectation. Not a word, or tone, or look escaped me. Her ease and grace were perfect—her acting superb. I was amazed. It was no easy thing, all untrained as she was, to reach such a point in so brief a space of time, in a profession that required so much labor. Her power astonished me, and as the play went on, threw me into bewilderment.

Our box was a stage box. Once when she approached us, her eyes met mine, and I saw the color mount to her cheek vividly. The light that flashed in her eyes was glorious. It was as if a sunbeam had fallen suddenly through a dark place, and lay nestled in them. Her lips curved in a rare, sweet smile, and her voice took a richer, tenderer tone as she talked with the would-be *Prince*. I knew that she recognized me, and that the recognition had gladdened her. Much as I was surprised, this sudden revelation did not pain me. Her eye had met mine too frankly. Her beaming face was too joyful. Had she not felt right in her course, I knew this could not be. So I waited patiently.

As the play progressed, I was struck more and more forcibly with her wonderful talent. The cottage scene, where she scornfully upbraided Claude for the deceit he had practiced upon her, was rendered as I had never before seen it in my life. The brown eyes seemed to dilate and blacken, flashing forth scorn that was withering. The beautiful lips curled—the form became erect and haughty. She stood the personation of scorn and anger, while the words that fell from her lips seemed both to freeze and scorch as they fell. More than the perfection of art was here. I felt that some remembered scene in her own life had lent its strength to perfect this for no untried heart could ever conceive and execute and act like this unaided by reality.

Just before the curtain fell I met her glance once more—a glance so full of tender feeling, my eyes filled involuntarily. As the audience rose, I drew a deep breath and quitted my seat reluctantly. Perhaps this would be the last glimpse I should ever have of her. Even if I should see her often, there would be little satisfaction in seeing without knowing what had led her upon the boards. I wanted to hear her history—the history of the past six years, of which I had not read one page. Should I ever read it?

We passed out of the Theatre and entered our carriage without much delay. Perhaps I had hoped to receive in some way a message from her. I had watched eagerly, scarce knowing why; but the coachman mounted his box, and we were whirled away rapidly, while I sank back and gave myself up to thought.

"Now, little woman, tell me what has been the matter with you all the evening?" began my husband when we had gained our room. "You have acted so oddly, my curiosity is roused to an intense degree. What is it?"

I sat down and told him the story from beginning to end. He listened with eager interest, questioning me as to most minute details.

"So, you would like to see her?" he asked when I had finished. "Well, you shall, if you wish it. I will find and bring her here to you, or you shall go to her as you like. Will it please you to do the latter?".

I looked at him earnestly.

"You do not shrink from contact with the profession?" I asked. "You do not dislike to have me seek an actress?"

"My dear, I would not have my wife mix familiarly with theatrical people, simply because of the world's prejudice, which we must in a measure consider a law. But this is an exceptional case, and under my protection the breath of scandal would not dare to touch you. I am interested as deeply, almost, as yourself, and I intend to gratify you. To-morrow I will go down during rehearsal, and will see if I can obtain an interview for you."

Before I could express my thanks a knock came upon the door, and a servant handed me a tiny note.

"A boy has just brought it for you, madam. He waits an answer."

I tore open the cover and read:

"Dear Lady:—

"I have ordered a boy to follow you and ascertain your address. When he returns this note will be sent after you to beg an interview if agreeable to you and your husband. I take it for granted it is your husband with whom I saw you. When and where can I see the kind friend to whose goodness I owe so much? To question whether you would decline an interview simply because I am an actress, would be an insult to the nobleness of your nature. I want to hear your voice again—to clasp your hand, and to tell you how I have blessed your memory in my heart all these years.

"If for any reason you cannot see me, and you would like to learn my history, come to the Theatre to-morrow night. No other will know it, but you will understand.

"Eagerly hoping for a favorable reply, I am

"Gratefully yours,

"Ninon Devereaux."

I handed the note to my husband, sat down hastily and wrote a reply, begging her to come to me as early as possible on the following morning.

I scarcely slept at all that night. I had grown restless and excited. The interest I had taken in Mrs. Devereaux was almost inexplicable. Oddly enough, my husband seemed as restless as *I*, and we waited the morrow with impatience.

About nine o'clock my husband went down stairs, and a few moments later a light tap came upon the door. In answer to my invitation to enter, the object of all my interest glided into the room, threw back her veil from the sweet, glad face, and held out both hands. I took her in my arms instead, and held her to my heart as I had done upon that last night at Cincinnati, and we both wept silently.

After a moment she lifted her face, bright with smiles.

"It was good of you to let me come to you; it is better still to meet with a reception like this. Your goodness is like a star—fadeless; and I have kept it before me in all this time as my guide and comforter. Do you know that, only for my remembrance of you, many and many a time I should have grown hopeless, despairing? But I believed that you were sincere, and while there was one sincere soul known to me, there must be others unknown, and I hoped to find them. I have been patient, and I have had my reward."

Her voice thrilled me; her words filled me with inexpressible delight.

"Well, tell me all about yourself since we parted. You must have much to relate, and I am impatient to hear."

I drew her to a sofa and sat down beside her, holding one little white hand in mine, while her eyes rested on my face fondly. The old reserve seemed to have worn away, and her frank, genial manner had a charm that was indescribable. I did not wonder at the spell she had woven over her audience, and that the people had seemed to grow wild with enthusiasm over her. Her individual power was such as I had never known before in my life.

"Yes, I have much to relate," she said in answer. "*All* I cannot tell you. The story would be too long and tedious. But I will pass over it briefly, and give you an idea of what has befallen me, and how I came to be an actress. Of the period previous to our meeting I will not speak. You will come to the Theatre to-night, and in the play I have written read the story of my life. Now to my narrative:

"When you left me at Cincinnati, the world looked very dark and dreary to me. When your kind face faded from my sight, and your presence no longer sustained me, I felt as if all the world was a blank, and life not worth the struggle to maintain it. I went from your arms that night to shut my door and sit down in my desolate room almost despairingly. I wept as one without hope. The heavy oppression which fell upon my spirit seemed to crush out all ambition—every good resolve. I could willingly have lain down life then, giving it up in my youth without one regret. It had been so bitter to me—so utterly shattered—all its fairest prospects, and I seemed then to realize, as I had not before, the full extent of my misery and desolation. Where to go I knew not. What I should do was yet an unsolved mystery. Indeed it seldom falls to the lot of mortals to find themselves in so pitiable a condition. And, as if to try my strength and patience to the utmost, I rose from a restless night to find my babe ill—my precious child, whose little life was the sole link to bind me to the world, or hold me to my half shaken faith in God's mercy.

"I sought a physician at once, and for more than three weeks watched over my darling almost hopelessly. It may be that this necessity for action did me good. The doctor thought so; but my heart grew very hard and bitter as I tended him day by day, and saw the pure little innocent creature suffering and fading away. I dare not trust myself to think what the result might have been had he been taken from me. Perhaps I should rashly have cast back the life fortune had made bitter and unbearable, in the face of the Giver; it seems certain to me that something desperate must have followed. But He was merciful at last, and my darling was restored.

"By the time Ossie had recovered, all the money I had, and which through your kindness, lasted me for the expenses of his sickness, was exhausted, and I found myself alone in a great city, without a dollar, a frail child to support, and nothing to do. I did not know even, what to undertake. In setting out on my journey, it appeared to me that it was an easy thing among the thousands of avocations in a city like this, to obtain some kind of employment by which I might earn my bread.

"My first step was to seek a quiet and cheap boarding-house, and hire a girl to take care of Ossie. Then began the labor which seemed to grow mountainous as I strove vainly from day to day, for employment. Then I thought my life would give way under the mountain of oppression. Now I look back upon that time and think how wisely God taught me pity for the poor and toiling ones. Not one half the world will believe what it is to be poor and self-dependent, alone in a great city, without the influence of a single soul to sustain us. If, under such trying circumstances, the human strength is not sufficient to withstand the world, and the hapless victim falls into error, who will pity? Who will charitably step forward to cover and shield the unfortunate one from contumely, scorn or punishment? The world sees only the crime; not the circumstance by which men and women are driven into evil."

I was watching her face, and saw the sweet lips curve with the old half scornful, bitter expression; but it faded at once, and the softness and gentle feeling that succeeded, lighted it beautifully as she continued:

"Many a hard lesson was conned in those days, and then the purpose for which they were given, was all dark to me. I could not understand it. But I do understand now, and may God forbid that ever a sorrowing, struggling one should turn from me without aid or sympathy. But to go on with my story.

"I first tried my needle, and came near starving. Then I tried drawing, and it was worse still. From one thing to another I passed, barely earning enough to keep me in food. Clothing I could not get; and we were becoming terribly in need. Poor little Ossie's pale face haunted me constantly, and he could not grow strong again without proper care. The sight of it stung me to renewed efforts when I must have given way in despair, but for him. And in this way several weeks passed drearily away.

"At length I seemed to have reached the crisis of my fate. I had toiled faithfully, turning from no labor that would give me my daily bread, until at last every avenue of usefulness seemed closed to me. I was unfitted for nearly everything I undertook, and no one would be patient with me while I learned. If I had possessed the means to learn any kind of business, I might have done well enough. But during the time it would require to learn dress-making, millinery, or book-keeping, I must have the means to live, and there was no way to get it. I had not a dollar, or a single friend, to whom I could go for assistance in my extremity. It was a hard situation you will say. I thought and felt it was. All I had ever heard or dreamed of poverty and distress was nothing to this.

"One evening, just at dusk, I was returning to my miserable lodgings with a heart heavy almost to breaking. That day my landlady had told me that I must leave her house if I did not pay my board, for which I was two weeks in arrears, and I knew that I could not do it. One thought alone had possession of my mind as I walked onward through the driving rain. My evil genius was near me, whispering that one temptation in my ear, and I meant to take Ossie in my arms, walk down to the river where it rolled darkly on its course between two gleaming cities, and in its waters, end the struggle for both. One precious life had found rest beneath them. Why should not we finish the sacrifice, and give to the turbid Ohio all there was left of us? It was meet that we three should find death in its waves.

"As the temptation grew upon me, I passed one of the Theatres, where the brilliant lights streamed out across the streets, and gay ladies, clothed in rustling silks and flashing jewels, descended from their carriages to enter the building for an evening's amusement. I paused to look at them, wondering in my heart why it was that some were born to ease and happiness and luxury, while others must bear the burthens of grief, poverty and toil without one star to light the firmament of a weary life. A wave of agony so bitter and overwhelming came over me, I staggered and caught at a lamp-post for support. I grew heart sick, blinded and finally sank down, in spite of all my efforts to sustain myself. Consciousness left me entirely. I passed from my own misery and that brilliant scene as into a sleep that became profound and dreamless.

"The first thing I remember on awaking, was a sense of wonder at the transformation of things about me. I was in a rather spacious room, reclining upon a sofa, while a beautiful girl beside me held a glass of wine to my lips. Another lady half bending over me, chafed my hands in her soft palms, and looked with sympathetic, tender eyes into my face. Over all streamed a broad glare of brilliant lights and gay forms passed in and out, amid a murmur of subdued voices.

"Do you wonder where I was, my friend, and who those people were whose kindness seemed so genuine and disinterested, my heart was touched to its depths, and I closed my eyes to shut in the tears that threatened to break forth every minute? I had been seen by some *attaché* of the theatre, and had been conveyed to the green-room, where the liveliest interest was awakened.

"As soon as I could speak they plied me with questions—gentle and kind, but very pertinacious. All my misery was laid bare to them, and they extended to me friendly hands, offering aid which I would not refuse. Among them it was settled that I should come into the profession—that each and all would assist me until I could get a start. After that, if I should prove fortunate, I might return to them anything in the shape of pecuniary aid they might afford me.

"My friend, ask yourself if I could do otherwise than accept an offer like this—homeless, friendless, penniless as I was, with a delicate child, in whose existence my own was bound? For his sake I could have walked through fire, and here an honorable employment was offered me, together with the friendly help I needed to keep my heart from breaking! I did not hesitate a moment. In my soul I was thankful, and resolved to repay them all tenfold for their noble generosity. From that night forth life had changed in all its aspects, and I began to walk upward.

"It is a pleasant thing to see the bright sunshine after a storm. I was almost happy in mine. Ossie rallied, grew strong and rosy. I became interested in my work, and was so encouraged by my progress that all the weariness of life passed away. I was eagerly industrious, full of ambition, and taught to believe myself talented by those who surrounded me. Certain it was, I had never succeeded in anything else as I did in the dramatic profession, and I was fast growing not only contented, but trustful and happy.

"The years have sped swiftly away. I have made a name and have grown rich. Ossie is at school, one of the finest, noblest of boys; while wherever I go, little children follow me, miserable and suffering as he might have been now, but for the friendly hands that succored me that night. I find that God has taught me how to pity the poor, and has also brought me to the use of the talents He gave. Through them, I am able to do good. Answer me in truth. Do you think I ought to abandon the profession now and lay down my power for usefulness? Because the world looks upon an actor or an actress with a prejudiced eye, closing the doors of society against them, ought I to yield it up, and betake myself to quietude—strive to win a place amongst those, who, perhaps, would not have cared, had I died at their doors of starvation?"

"No, you have acted rightly, and you are still in the right. One is not necessarily sinful or in error in any profession that is legitimate, and *you* would be good in all."

"Thank you," she murmured softly. "But no better," she added, "than hundreds of others. If the world knew more about us, it would make fewer sweeping assertions. The life we lead is one of constant and hard mental labor. We have not time to give to the flirting, frivolity, and follies of the world. Any one who will pause to reason the matter, will comprehend it at once. But you must be aware of all this, and I shall now leave you. Come to the Theatre to-night, and to-morrow I will see you again."

She rose, and I could not detain her longer. I bade her good morning with a full heart, feeling that she was one of the strong and true, because she had been tried as by fire, and came from the furnace of affliction pure gold.

I went to the theatre that night with an eagerness and anticipation never before experienced. I knew that I was going to read the story of a life in the acting of the young star whose firmament had become so clear.

We occupied the same stage-box, and I was restless until the curtain rose upon the first scene. Then I grew still, almost breathless with interest.

A stately house and grounds were revealed in the opening of the play, the trees hung with colored lights, and the sound of music floating through the open windows. Villagers swarmed over the green, and clustered about the church door, from which came a bridal procession. In the sweet, pure face of the bride I recognized my—what shall I say?—Protegé? Over her features was spread the life of love—the sweet and modest joy of the bride clinging confidingly to a husband's arm. The train moved on to the house, which it entered amid a burst of thrilling music, and the scene gave place to a festival among the villagers. Several other short scenes followed in rapid succession, in which I took no interest, beyond that which her own personal arrangement had given. There was no scene but was tame without her to give it life—no acting but hers upon the boards that night.

In the last scene of the first act, she was represented as the presiding genius of her home—loving, trusting, and happy in her love. But as the play progressed, the handsome husband changed his fond manner for coldness and neglect. The mask fell off. From being neglectful he became cruel and ruffianly. It was no sudden thing, but yet a rapid gliding from the fond lover into the cold, deliberately planning, scheming tyrant. He tortured and tantalized her. His voice met her ears only in coldness, sarcasms or abuse; and while the proud blood in her veins rebelled, and the fierce temper struggled with patience, she maintained her sweet gentleness, and allowed her heart to break silently, rather than expose to others the unnatural passions that drove him to such actions.

Little children came, and as the time passed the young mother's burthen of life grew heavier each day. Never in my life had my pulses quickened to such pathos as she gave to the complaints which burst from her lips when alone. Never had I seen on human face utter wretchedness and woe until she expressed it. In one scene, where the father is guilty of striking his child in wanton cruelty, the mother's heart was roused, and shielding the little one with one hand, she stretched forth the other to him in an appeal for mercy and kindness that thrilled the audience as one heart. Sobs echoed from every part of the house, and the excitement became intense when her appeal was answered by a laugh of derision and a heartless threat. Then a tide of reproaches followed, the first that ever escaped her, and her words were galling; he became enraged. In his passion, he lifted his hand—brought it down upon the fair brow of his young wife, who fell at his feet motionless, her children clinging to her form and screaming in terror.

I covered my face with my hands and shuddered. Could it be possible that this was from life? Had that delicate, beautiful young girl, fresh and pure as a mountain lily, been transplanted to a home like this, and the cruel mercies of a fiendish man? It was fearful! In his course the wealth she brought him had been spent, and they were now poor, living in seclusion and almost want, while no friend was near to shield her from abuse.

From her unconsciousness the young mother rose up to find both her children gone, and no trace by which she might hope to find them. Through her searching the audience followed her with hushed breath, and I believe I may judge all by myself, and say, with aching hearts. The mother's anguish, the wife's indignation and despair, swelled my heart nearly to breaking.

At length the children were found, and one wild outburst of applause, that shook the building, testified the heartiness of the sympathy she had excited. Her joy was as thrilling as her sorrow, and her beauty actually dazzled us as she knelt, with beaming face, to thank God for the restoration of her little ones. She then, by the aid of an old servant, succeeded in stealing them away without difficulty, and embarking upon a vessel for a strange land.

In the scenes which followed, I lost somewhat the thread of her story. She was represented as struggling with poverty in a large city, and as seeing both her children die without the means to save them. Anguish and remorse followed, that drove her almost mad, while in the midst of it comes to her, through the faithful old servant, news of her husband's death by accident.

The curtain falls upon her in her loneliness and desolation, after which there is a lapse of years, new scenes, new employments, and a brighter life. Among the many friends she makes, is one who loves her—a man, tender, noble and good. Putting away all the past of her life, she gives him her hand, trustfully as she had given it years before, but with less of idolatrous love—more of womanly judgment. The sun of peace and happiness shines genially upon their wedding-day, and she looks to her future with calm content, when suddenly among the guests there is a stir, and a mask penetrates the throng to the bride's side. Lifting the crape from the face, the features of the first husband are revealed, while the audience shrinks and shakes beneath the thrilling anguish of her

cry, and the cold derision of his laugh. From the scene she finally rushes a raving maniac, and the curtain falls.

I sat cold with distress, great drops of perspiration standing over my brow. There was too much of horror in this to bear—too vivid a reality in its delineation. She had well sustained the character of her piece, both in writing and acting. *Driven to Madness* seemed an appropriate title for what I had witnessed, and I rose to leave the theatre with a heavy heart.

"I understand your story now, indeed," I said to her the day following. "But why did you end it so terribly?"

"Because my experience has been the reverse. By entire contrast, the public, if it had any suspicion of a personal history being woven in my tale, would here be thrown from the track, and cease to connect me with it, save as the sympathetic actress. To *you* I bare my heart fearlessly. But I cannot wear it upon my sleeve before the world. Now you understand why I was alone, forlorn, and miserable. It is all past now, however, so I will bid adieu to the subject."

JENNY MORE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BARBARA JOHNS.

I loved thee, oh, so dearly,
Jenny More!
The star that beamed so clearly
Soon clouded o'er;
Deep in my heart the vision
Conning o'er and o'er,
Sweet dreams, and love's elysian—
Dreams of Jenny More!

The blue eyed morning glory
O'er the window old,
Where I trembling told my story,
You thought me not too bold,
That dear, dear spot forever!
When closely to my side,
You promised to be mine, Jenny,
My own, my faithful bride.

Thou wast lovelier than the spring time,
Jenny More!
Sweeter far than olden thyme;
Answered gently "evermore."
Oh! my heart was filled with sunshine,
Brimming o'er and o'er,
For thy love was like a wine,
Darling Jenny More!

Oh, fairest! best! forever!
Darling Jenny More!
Why should death our hearts thus sever?
Mine evermore.
Oh! sweet to remember
My cup was full of bliss,
That bright day in December
When I won the bridal kiss.

Lost! and lovely Jenny More!
Now I sit and weep,
Dreaming, dreaming, o'er and o'er,
Gently dost thou sleep,
While the lily of the valley
Waves above thy head,
Leaving me and gentle Allie,
Living semblance of the dead.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN.

A very dreary place it was—a basement room in the rear of a large tenement house, its one window looking out into a back yard where a dozen ragged, unkempt children were playing—Irish, Germans, Americans, and among the rest, one little negro boy, his black face ashine with jollity. A dreary enough place, the room of which I have spoken, the most undesirable in the house, and therefore the lowest priced. In one corner stood a tumble-down bedstead, in another a rickety table, while one side was occupied by a stove minus one leg, its place being supplied by bricks piled one upon another. Near the stove, upon a shelf against the wall, was a meagre assortment of dishes, and underneath these a still more meagre display of cooking utensils; while in the centre of the room, upon an old chair turned down to serve as a bench, stood a tub half full of clothes, over which a girl of perhaps fourteen years was bending.

A very ordinary looking girl you would have called her. And she was! Not at all graceful or interesting—girls of that age are not apt to be, even with the advantages of dress and careful culture; and Martha Reynolds possessed neither. Awkward and unformed, with a dull complexion, hazel eyes and lustreless brown hair, which, with proper care, would have been pretty. An ordinary looking girl, lacking even the animation that makes youth attractive; compelled to drudge day by day at the most menial work. The kettles of hot water over the fire, the sloppy floor, the tub and washboard, told the story. She was a sort of sub-laundress; that is, one whom Mrs. Bridget Flynn, the laundress, who lived in another part of the house, employed to get up the plainest of the clothes which she took in, reserving, of course, a wide margin of profit for herself. But this morning the plain face wore an added shade of gravity, for Mrs. Flynn had been taken suddenly and dangerously ill, and if she died and the customers took their work to other places, what was to become of Martha, who feared, not without reason, that people would be unwilling to trust their clothes to so young and inexperienced a girl. The prospect looked dark enough.

Beside the window, looking out with longing eyes upon the noisy game going on in the yard, stood a square, chubby little girl of six years—Martha's sister Gertrude, or Gerty, as everybody called her. An odd looking child, arrayed in a dress a world too short for her, the belt coming just under her arms. She had a round, rosy face, and a vigorous pair of lungs, if one might judge from her shouts at some of the specimens of ground and lofty tumbling executed by one of the boys outside.

Presently some one knocked at the door. Chubby-face ran to open it. A young man stood on the threshold—tall, blue-eyed, and handsome enough for a prince. A gentleman, evidently, for he lifted his hat to the young girl in that miserable room with as much courtesy as if she had been the highest lady in the land.

"This is Miss Martha Reynolds, I believe."

Martha blushed in embarrassment. No one had ever called her Miss Reynolds before, and she was not accustomed to meet persons of his grade in life.

"Yes, sir; that is my name," she said.

"Mine is Belt. Mrs. Flynn sent me to you. She is ill, and cannot do my washing as usual; but she tells me that you have worked for her a great deal, so I came to see if you would not wash for me till she gets well."

Martha hesitated.

"I don't know whether I could suit you, sir," with a glance at his faultless apparel. "I ain't used to doing up fine clothes."

"These are not fine," he said, undoing the neat parcel which he carried. "Just plain things, you see. My shirts and collars are all clean—enough to last me several weeks. You can do these, can you not?"

The girl looked relieved and assented readily.

The young man paused a moment to warm his hands before he drew on his gloves. He spoke pleasantly to little Gerty, who had drawn near him with the trusting confidence of childhood; asking her what her name was, and if she wasn't almost large enough to go to school.

"I'm big enough to go, but I ain't got any good close. I knows all my A, B, C's, though," replied the child.

"Do you? That's fine," said the young man. "Who taught you?"

"Marthy teached me."

"She's a good sister, isn't she?"

"Yes, sir, she's going to buy me a purty new dress some day. She scolds me sometimes, though," naively.

The interlocutor had not expected this answer. He glanced at Martha, but she was looking another way. He could not tell whether she had heard Gerty's words or not. With a half-uttered apology he rose to go, giving Martha his address that she might know where to bring his clothes when they were done.

A week afterward he came again to pay her for her work. "He was well suited," he said kindly, in answer to her inquiry, as he handed her the money; and threw Gerty into raptures by the present of a primer gay with pictures. The child's delight in her newly acquired treasure opened the way to a little conversation with the elder sister. A few questions put skillfully by the embryo barrister elicited the information that the father of the two girls had been a journeyman bricklayer, and met his death by falling from a building. Their mother being very poor had moved into this house because the rents were lower here than elsewhere, and since her death they had remained for the same reason; and the elder sister by washing and scrubbing, and anything else that she could get to do, managed to keep up the rent of the poor room and make a living, such as it was, for herself and little Gerty. She had never attended school much—could read and write and cipher a little—and had not been inside a church for three years.

So much she told him, bit by bit as he asked her—quietly, listlessly, as if the whole was quite a matter of course, and would in all probability be the same to the end.

This was a new phase of life to the young law-student, to whom with his genial, hopeful nature, the girl's apathy seemed something terribly strange and unnatural. What should he, reared in affluence and surrounded from his cradle with all that could refine and ennoble—what could he know of the hardening and deadening effects which grief and poverty and drudgery and association with such people as she was forced to come in daily contact with, had wrought on this girl.

He wondered what the future had in store for her. What possibilities there might be in her nature which favorable circumstances would have developed. He talked of many things in his pleasant, attractive way—trying her. Saw the dark eyes slowly brighten with interest, the dull face gradually wake to animation. His experiment had succeeded.

Going home through the gathering gloom of the cold December evening to the pleasant house where he, and his uncle, and his cousin Grace boarded, he contrasted its brightness, and elegance, and comfort, with the squalor he had just left; and the welcome awaiting him with the dreary, friendless existence of Martha Reynolds; and pondering these things he made a resolution.

Martha came regularly, twice a week, to receive and return Mr. Belt's clothes. Her employer had always some pleasant remark or an inquiry after little Gerty; and the solitary girl learned to watch for his bright smile and kindly greeting as the traveller in a desert land watches for the green isles of verdure in the wastes of sand.

The soft carpets, the elegant pictures, and costly furniture that adorned Mrs. Grant's house; the rich garments, and graceful ways of Miss Grace Edwards, whom she often met flitting through halls and doorways, all seemed like a vision of enchantment to Martha Reynolds. Little by little she came to be more careful of her own personal appearance; to keep her hair nicely arranged, her clothes more neatly mended. She noticed, too, that the family at Mrs. Grant's, and even the servants, used very different language from that which she was accustomed to hear among the people who lived in her own neighborhood; and insensibly, without bestowing any especial thought upon the subject, she glided into a way of speaking and acting that augured well for her future improvement. Charles Belt was narrowly observing all these indications of a natural good taste and correct principle which he felt sure foreshadowed the development of a glorious womanhood.

On the last day of the year, Martha presented herself as usual, at Mrs. Grant's house. When she entered Mr. Belt's room he called her attention to a package on his writing-table, telling her, laughingly, to open it and see what it contained.

She obeyed, wondering, and brought to view a little girl's dress, cloak, and hood, all prettily trimmed to match, and a pair of strong but pretty shoes.

"Those are for little Gerty," he said.

Her eyes sparkled.

"Thank you, sir, a thousand, thousand times."

He smiled at her earnestness.

"You are very welcome, Mattie. Here is something else; a New Year's gift for you," handing her a dainty volume bound in blue and gold.

"A New Year's gift for me? For my very own?"

"Yes, for you if you will accept it," he said, gently.

"You are very good, sir. No one was ever so kind to me before," her lips trembling a little, her face aglow with gratitude.

With an impulsive movement, he took the little brown hand in his, and bending his proud head till the chestnut curls touched her dark hair, he kissed her once on the cheek—not passionately, as a man kisses the woman whose husband he hoped to be, but with a grave, protecting tenderness as he would have caressed the sister whose golden head was lying under the daisies in a far-off country church-yard.

Martha Reynolds never forgot that caress, nor the man who had stretched forth his hand to help her out of the slough of despair and degradation into which she had been surely sinking. And years afterward, when Martha Reynolds by resolute effort had risen slowly but surely to a proud position of honor and usefulness, a small volume, bound in blue and gold, was one of her most valued possessions, and the name uttered most fervently in her petitions to the Throne of Grace was that of her first and truest friend and benefactor, Charles Belt.

Their paths in life lay far apart now. He was married to a famous beauty whose praise was on every tongue in the city where they resided. While the girl who had been his laundress, was a well-known authoress and the inheritor of a fortune bequeathed to her by a lady who had known and loved her.

It was Christmas time, and the hospital ward was decked with evergreens in such profusion, that the whole place had a fragrant, woody smell, like a forest of pine or cedar. There were men in that long row of hospital beds who would never see another Christmas. Men gaunt of frame and ghastly of feature, with sunken, bloodshot eyes, and lips parched with fever. Others slowly approaching convalescence, to whom the faint, cheerful stir of festivity recalled other Christmasses, kept with old-fashioned merriment at northern homesteads, with gifts and good wishes, and dear home faces, and the visits of that patron saint of childhood, Santa Claus. It was pleasant to remember them all, even if they could never come again. And sometimes thinking of those old, happy days, the words traced on the wall in letters of living greenery, seemed instinct with a new meaning—"*Peace on earth—good will to men.*"

It would surely come some day. Not a servile peace, gained by cowardice, but a peace born of victory—of the triumph of Right over the hosts of Wrong and Error. A peace that would endure until the "heavens shall be rolled together like a scroll, and the end of all things earthly come." There were many of these pallid heroes who had faith to believe it.

"Miss Reynolds, Dr. Blair says, will you please to come into the next room for a moment. He wishes to see you particularly."

She arose and walked slowly down the aisle—a lovely woman, with dark, true, steadfast eyes, dressed in some soft, gray material, with ruffles of delicate lace at her throat and wrist, and a single diamond glittering on one white hand.

A lovely woman, as I said, very unlike the Martha Reynolds of those earlier years; the awkward figure had gained grace and fine outline; the dull complexion had become clear; the thick, dark, lustreless hair was glossy and beautiful now, while over all was the quiet ease and serene grace of ladyhood. Very young she was for a hospital nurse, but Dr. Blair, a blunt, plain-spoken old man, was also an excellent judge of character, and he had almost unlimited confidence in her ability. Whenever he had a peculiarly critical case to attend to, Miss Reynolds was always called upon.

She was not surprised, therefore, when the physician told her that a man had just been brought in stricken with a contagious fever.

"He's a captain in one of the Ohio regiments, I believe. Poor fellow! I'm afraid it will go hard with him. He's been on duty down on the Yazoo river. I shouldn't wonder if it proved a "river of death" to him sure enough. His constitution is just about ruined—in as bad a condition as it *could* be to resist any kind of disease."

"I will take charge of him," said Miss Reynolds quietly.

"I hardly know whether to permit it or not. If I trust him to any one else, it'll be all up with him. His chance of life is small, and nothing but the best care can save him. But then it will be dangerous to you to nurse him, for the fever is of a malignant type."

"I am not afraid. I do not take diseases readily."

The doctor's face beamed on her approvingly.

"I wish you were a man, Miss Reynolds. You would make such a splendid surgeon," said the little physician as he led the way to the apartment where his new patient was lying.

He had been placed in a room by himself that no one else might catch the infection. He was already delirious and raving wildly—talking incoherently about his wife and child. Miss Reynolds came near and laid her hand softly on the white forehead, which corrugated with pain under her touch; the blue eyes met her glance imploringly, and he muttered, hoarsely,

"Is it you, Myra? I'm so glad you came, darling. No, it isn't you, either. Why don't Myra come?"

Martha Reynold's face grew white.

"*He* here, and so near death? Oh, this is terrible."

She turned to her companion with such an altered expression, that he started.

"Doctor, I know this man. He stood my friend once, when I was poor, and had not another friend in the world. You *must* save him."

Doctor Blair looked searchingly into her eyes.

"All that I can do shall be done—for your sake," he said.

She understood what was in his thought.

"No, no, you mistake. He is a married man. His wife lives in Chicago. You will send a telegram to her at once, will you not, and let her know?"

"Certainly, certainly—and I beg your pardon for making such a blunder."

"It is granted. You will do your best for him, won't you, doctor? For my sake, as you said, though he is only my friend."

"Yes, Miss Reynolds, I will," and the surgeon, after giving some necessary directions, hurried away to send the telegram, as he had promised, apprising Mrs. Belt of her husband's illness, and frankly stating that although Captain Belt was receiving the best care and attendance, it was very doubtful whether he would survive. He kept calling for her constantly in his delirium. Would she not come immediately and see him?"

In the afternoon a reply was received, stating that "Mrs. Belt was deeply grieved and distressed to hear of her husband's illness, and would send a faithful and experienced nurse to take care of him; but did not think it best to risk the danger of contagion, by coming herself."

Miss Reynold's face darkened as she laid away the slip of paper containing this heartless message. This was the woman Charles Belt had married—a belle and a beauty, but thoroughly selfish.

"If he had been my husband, I would have waded through fire to reach him," said Martha, to herself with a little dry sob. "And his constant cry is for her to come to him. Oh, woman, have you *no* heart?"

Doctor Blair, blunt and plain-spoken, sent Mrs. Belt a characteristic message over his own signature.

"Doctor Blair has to request that Mrs. Belt will send no nurses here. He has nurses and attendants enough. If Mrs. Belt's wifely affection is not strong enough to bring her to her husband's side when he is in mortal peril, there are strangers in plenty who will not see a fellow creature neglected." Mrs. Belt called him "a brute," and threw his message into the fire, and remained at home.

Days and nights dragged wearily by while Miss Reynolds watched over her charge. It was pitiful to see the strong man weak as an infant, to hear him plead in delirium for the presence of his wife and child.

At length the crisis came. Doctor Blair sat on one side of the low bed and Martha upon the other, watching for the first, faint sign of a change which should decide the question of life or death for him. Outside was the impenetrable gloom of night. Within all was silence save the breathing of those three. There was a slight, very slight movement of the sleeper—the blue eyes unclosed and looked up into the face of the man bending over him.

"Where am I, sir?" faintly.

"In the general hospital at ——. You have been very sick; and I am the surgeon, Doctor Blair."

Miss Reynolds had been watching the surgeon's face while he spoke. She knew its expression well—there was no hope.

"You may speak to him now, if you wish," he whispered.

She came nearer, and knelt down beside the bed. Captain Belt knew her instantly, and smiled.

"You here, dear friend?"

"Yes."

He tried to extend his hand, but was too weak. She took the nerveless fingers through which the icy current of death was already flowing, between her own warm palms.

He looked round wistfully.

"Where are my wife and child, Mattie?"

She laid her face down against the quilt. She could not tell him.

Doctor Blair said, gently,

"We sent word to Mrs. Belt when you were first brought here—but the fever was contageous and she was afraid to come."

"You must be mistaken, sir."

"No. I have the telegraphic despatch here."

"Read it to me, please."

The surgeon took a slip of paper from the mantel and read the words Mrs. Belt had sent. A grey shadow settled over the young captain's face as he listened. Perhaps he realized more

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE

MRS. BELLA Z. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE BIRD," "THE REFUGEE," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c.

has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

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Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
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☞ Editors inserting the above, or condensing the material portions of it for their columns, shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a marked copy.

clearly than he had ever done before, the perfect heartlessness of the beautiful woman he had married. But he loved her, and the blow was a fearful one. The doctor put a cordial to his lips, but he waved it away.

"Tell me truly, doctor—am I not dying?"

"Captain, it would do no good to deceive you. You cannot live till morning."

"Thank you for telling me."

An attendant put his head into the room, and with a noiseless motion beckoned the doctor into the hall.

"Private Haynes's arm is bleeding again, sir."

The physician went quietly and swiftly away, and Martha was left alone with the dying man.

He turned wistfully toward her—laid his hand softly on her bowed head.

"Mattie, if *you* had been my wife, you would not have left me to die alone, would you?"

She did not answer. She could not. She was suffering at that moment the very *bitterness* of death.

He went on:

"You braved the danger that my wife shrank from, and tended me faithfully. In all the world I know of no woman so true as you, Mattie."

She shook from head to foot.

"If I could only die in your stead, Charles. I do not care to live, now that you must go."

He put his arm tenderly about her.

"Is it so, dear? I made a great mistake, but in heaven all will come right. Lift me up, so that I may kiss you before I die, my one true friend."

She drew his head to her breast—his lips touched hers once; they were growing chill.

"Kiss my baby for me when you see her. Good-bye, dear—good-bye."

One sigh of icy breath upon her cheek, one struggle, and all was over. The soldier's warfare was accomplished.

The grass is springing green above his head in the quiet cemetery where they have laid him. Thunder cannot waken him—selfishness cannot wound or grief disturb him. He has "entered through the gates into the city"—that glorious city of which it is written: "There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

And Martha is still a hospital nurse, still a follower in the footsteps of the Master, and like Him spends her time in going about doing good to the souls and bodies of those who languish on beds of suffering, far from their loved ones. And to her the welfare of every soldier is precious for the sake of one who was once a soldier, but is now a saint in Paradise.

"Ah! well, for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply hidden from human eyes;
And in the hereafter angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

Not All Sad.

Every hour comes freighted with change. Every hour brings decay and death. Change is whispered in every passing breeze,—written on the airy cloud, painted on the forest leaves, and boomed by the ocean waves as they lash the shore. But change is not always sad. Autumn is but the harbinger of spring. The flower drops and mingles with the dust, that another, no less beautiful and dear, may bloom. If happy hearts are made sorrowful by unfortunate occurrences, sad hearts, too, are made joyful by pleasant changes. If some are left desolate and alone who were surrounded once by kindred and friends, so some who were friendless and uncared for have found an interest in the hearts, and a home in the affections, of those about them, gladdened by the good fortune that has bettered their condition. Suppose a revelation were given us to-day that everything henceforth in this world was to abide as it is; that the time for change had ceased, and should be known no more again forever; what consternation would seize us. Do any live wholly in the present? Are we not all looking for the coming future to bring us the higher good we seek? It is as true as trite that man is never quite satisfied; the good he pursues is never quite reached, and were all to stop now, farewell to ever accomplishing the great aim for which he lives. Now misfortune assails us, there is hope that some kind change may suddenly turn things to our advantage, and we bear our burdens more lightly as we remember the mutability of earthly things. We are accustomed to speak sadly of earth's changes; but where is the person who would be satisfied with a fixed, monotonous, unvaried life? Change is the power which keeps all things moving, the impulse which stimulates us in everything we do; and in thanking the benficent Author of existence for the many blessings we enjoy, we should bless Him for the changes that checker our lot.

In the spiritual as well as the material world, there is continual change, and vastly more important. It is a law of nature that nothing stands still; that in everything there is progression or retrogression. The human mind is either advancing in goodness and knowledge, or it is taking the downward road of ignorance and degradation. By far the most important change, then, depends wholly on our own choice. Earthly change will affect us little if the mind and heart are becoming better, more enlightened, nearer to the inhabitants of that world who know no change but from the beautiful to the more beautiful, the good to the better, becoming ever more holy, more happy, advancing nearer to the King of glory, forever progressing upward and onward. But the great first change must be here. Here must be the preparation for the endless progression or retrogression. As the duties of one hour fit us for the next, so the doings of our present state fit us for the everlasting future. Let us, then, instead of bewailing the changes which time is working around us, see carefully to the changes it is working within us, and see, too, that they be such as shall prepare us for the elevated society of the just made perfect in heaven, that the last mortal change may introduce us to the sweet surprises and fadeless glories of a happy eternity. Let the mutations of life stimulate us to greater earnestness.

☞ A Prediction Verified.—It is related of Simon Cameron, that, in talking with Jeff. Davis about secession in 1860, he told Davis that if the Southern states seceded, ruin would follow them, slavery be abolished, and he would with his own hands plant corn in the streets of Charleston: that last spring Mr. Cameron planted the corn in Charleston as he predicted, hired a soldier to attend to it, and has lately received four ears of corn as the product.

A SUPERNATURAL CONVERSATION,

AND AN ACCOUNT OF

A Ghost I Met on Waterloo Bridge.

We were sitting round the fire at Squire Jones's one evening early in January, in the year 185—. It was not exactly a family party, for a great many of the people assembled were not related, but we all knew each other very intimately; and though we were a good round dozen in number, yet our conversation had assumed that quiet, dreamy character which more usually marks a smaller and less sociable gathering than ours was. We were all staying in the house, and having exhausted the usual evening amusements, we had, with one consent, as it were, collected round the large old-fashioned fireplace in the library. There was no light save that from the fire, for the introduction of candles had been strongly negatived.

"Oh, no!" cried Kate Crofton, when the squire had suggested it, "we can talk so much better without them."

"And why so, my dear?" said the squire.

"Oh! I don't know," said Kate, who was a general favorite; "but it *is* much more cosy when one has nothing to do."

And certainly it is so. An easy chair, a bright fire, cheerful company, and no prospect of being obliged to get up *too* early the next morning—with these attributes how pleasantly may an idle hour be spent! I could write pages, expatiating on the peculiar charms of fire-light, but I won't as nobody would read it—more particularly at the commencement of a tale.

Our conversation had, as I have said, become quiet and dreamy, when suddenly Harry Leslie, a nephew of the squire's, said:

"Have you heard that this house is haunted?" Now if there is one thing that people have a tendency to talk of in that uncertain light, it is of anything that carries some element of the supernatural about it. "Have you ever heard that this house is haunted?" said Harry Leslie.

"Oh! no," said Kate Crofton, all eagerness. "Do tell us all about it. I am sure I should not be able to go to bed to-night unless Julia Vane slept in the same room. Julia is so strong-minded—ain't you, Julia?"

But Julia was better engaged listening to honied nothings uttered by Arthur Storm, her devoted admirer for the time being.

"Do tell us us all about it," said Kate again.

"What nonsense, Harry!" the squire interrupted. "You ought not to put such ideas into people's heads."

"No, but indeed, uncle, there is a ghost. That tyrant of the poor slaveys, Mrs. Fussemout, told me the other day."

"Mrs. Fussemout ought to hold her tongue," said the squire severely.

"You'll be as bad a tyrant as Mrs. Fussemout if you don't let me tell them the direful tragedy that led to this uneasy spirit roaming up and down the staircase, clad in a white sheet, and having left his head behind him. Now, Kate, if you go and look out of your door about half an hour after the rest of the people in the house are asleep, you are sure to see him. Just try, will you?"

"How can you be so absurd? As if I would, even supposing he were there at all," she replied."

"Then you wouldn't stop and take a sketch of him, as that relation of Lord Byron's did of the ghost at Newstead?"

"But whose ghost is it?" she asked.

"I cannot enter into all the particulars of the horrible story, as uncle won't let me. But it is some old Sir Hubert de Jones, who lived I don't exactly know when, but somewhere about the time of the Crusades. He was an ornament to our family, I can assure you. He ground down the poor, he cheated the church, he laughed at the priest, he murdered his wife, he ran away in battle, and at length died from drinking. Now don't you think we should want a great many gallons of holy water before we could lay such a ghost as his?"

"Isn't it all nonsense?" said Mary Seymour, turning to me.

"No, no," cried Kate, interposing. "I *do* like a good ghost tale, particularly if it is true. It frightens one so, you know. But Harry has made this so absurd. Now, Dr. Ramsay, you tell us one, do."

"*I* tell you one!" I said. "Do you think I know anything of ghosts? Besides, if I attempt to frighten you, I may succeed too well."

"Yes," remarked the squire—"like those medical students at Dublin by that trick they played their comrade."

"What was that?" asked Mary Seymour, who was of a more practical turn than Kate, and liked realities.

"They had a fellow-student, who professed that he was never frightened by anything. They challenged him to go into the dissecting-room after dark. He accepted the challenge; but before he went they had placed a corpse in such a position that it must fall on the person who opened the door. Unhappily the trick succeeded only too well, and the terror converted in a moment a promising, bold, dashing youth into an imbecile."

"Now, uncle, you are much worse than I am, for your tale is true, (I have often seen it alluded to,) and simply frightful," said Harry Leslie.

"Do you remember what Homer says?" I observed: "'Many birds fly about under the beams of the sun, but we must not regard all as ominous,' or words to that effect, giving it literally."

"Never mind Homer, doctor, else you'll frighten Kate more by that than by the ghosts."

"Half the ghosts that are said to haunt certain spots in the country," I said, "have owed their origin to some peculiarity in the light and shade, or in the sound of the wind. Ghosts, you know, Kate, are not always visible."

"Do you believe in the Cock Lane Ghost?" asked Harry "or in the supernatural discovery of the Red Barn murder, or in the Flying Dutchman? But," he added, getting more serious, "what an endless amount of speculation might be made on this subject, so I won't ask you, as it isn't fair. Wasn't the Duke of Buckingham warned? How would you like to hear some one rattling the rings of your curtains some night, Kate?"

"There are some curious things that never seem to get explained," said William North, who had hitherto remained silent. "Now I know a place down in the country where the house bells would begin ringing in the middle of the night. I remember that there were all sorts of rumors about at the time, and I believe the family who lived there were a good deal frightened about it. Different tales got about, and people used to whisper how the former owner committed suicide after leading a very wretched life, and a great many other lively tales. Well, it died out gradually, and now few remember it. But the ringing has never been explained, and I know that it took place as I have described."

"I have heard of another somewhat similar instance," said the squire, who, getting interested in the conversation, had ceased to object to it. "It was in a large old rambling house, and curious noises are often heard in such buildings, which really proceed from natural causes, but it is sometimes difficult to account for them. In this particular instance, however, what the noise was I am not prepared to say,—but at any rate it caused the master of the house to get up in the middle of the night, and he absolutely carried his wife down-stairs in his arms. He never explained, as far as I am aware, the nature of his alarm; but that there was some reason for it I am certain, as he was not a man easily frightened."

"Perhaps he thought the house was going to tumble down," suggested Harry.

"I *wish* you would be quiet, Harry," said Kate.

"Citations are strange things, and there are stated to have been many given to men whose names appear in history," said William North; "I have seen somewhere that George I. on his way to Osnaburg had a letter placed in his hands written by his unhappy wife shortly before her death, in which she summoned him to meet her at the judgment bar. The letter, as I say, had been written some time before, but it was by a strange, or designed, coincidence, given to him on the very day he was cited to meet her. We all know how suddenly he died, and very possibly that gave rise to the assertion. In several of these cases the death may have been caused perhaps by the strong effect such a summons would have on the nerves."

"Do you remember that Bishop," said Harry Leslie again, "who used to sleep in a house quite alone, his attendants leaving him at night. When they came one morning they found him dead in his bed, and, what was more strange, laid out."

"Harry, we had better not discuss that," said the squire.

There was a short pause, and then somebody said:—

"I think that ghost stories told simply for the sake of amusement, ought always to be made up. They are not likely then to do any harm; others sometimes frighten people too much."

"But I like a ghost tale to be true," said Kate.

"Yes," cried Harry. "First of all the rattle of a chain, then a groan, after that a suppressed shriek, a hollow whisper—"

"Oh, yes!" cried Kate.

"A pale blue light, a skeleton hand, a damp earthy smell—"

"Yes, yes!"

Kate was getting quite excited.

"A suffocating sensation of fear, a cold shudder, an agitated interrogation, a fearful struggle, and then—"

"Oh! what then?"

"Then—to awake."

"You are so absurd, Harry, I won't talk to you. "Now, do, doctor," she said, turning to me, "do you tell us something. I am sure you must have plenty at your fingers' ends."

"I will tell you a short one," I replied; "after that the squire and I must go and have our cigar before bed, as it is getting late, and you won't have any beauty sleep. So we must go soon."

"Oh, how delightful!" she said.

"What, our going to smoke?"

"No, the tale, of course. Now please to begin."

"Well, I will tell you about a ghost I met on Waterloo Bridge."

"Stir up the fire," whispered she to Harry, "it is getting so dark."

"I thought you liked to listen in the dark," he said.

"Not too dark, you know. And now we are all attention, doctor."

"When I was commencing my professional life in London, I was only too glad to meet with patients, and therefore I had no objection to their being at a considerable distance from my residence, or among the lower orders. In fact, at my first start I had very few who were otherwise. I was living then near Russell Square, and I had a patient on my hands, whose wretched abode was situated in one of those dark lanes branching off from the Waterloo Road. To get there I had of course to cross the bridge. Now Waterloo Bridge can hardly be said to be a place where

The breezes pause and die,
Letting the rose-leaves fall;

in the first place it is bleak and gusty, and in the second, there are no rose leave to fall there. But we can with great truth say that

At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone;

for after the twelve o'clock train has left, the passengers who cross the bridge are few and far between. To me it appears, even by day, when crowded with vehicles and foot-passengers, to be by no means a lively spot. I don't know whether the approaches produce the feeling, but so it is; and although I consider it a fine work of art, and, as the guide-books say, a fitting monument to the memory of a great man, viz: the builder, if I have to cross it, no matter what the hour, I am always glad when it is done.

"The man whom I had gone to see had become my patient in rather a curious way. One day while I was standing at the corner of Wellington Street, debating in my mind whether I should go and see a patient who lived towards the west-end, or walk on to the city, where I had some business, a wretched haggard-looking woman with pinched worn features came up to me, and said:

"'You are Dr. Ramsay of Guildford Street, aren't you?'

"'Yes,' I replied, 'I am. Do you want anything from me?'

"'My husband is very ill, and he continually asks me to fetch you.'

"'Where do you live?' I asked.

"'In Seacoal Yard, near Waterloo Road, but I will show you the way, sir, if you will follow me.'

"'What is your name?'

"'My husband's name is Jacob Kerrick. He used to live at Ouselton, and he says he knew you.'

"'Where did he live there?'

"'He was Mr. Pendarvis's groom at the Grange.'

"'I remember now very well—and I will come with you.'

"The woman did not say any more, but having crossed the Strand walked on rapidly in front of me. We went over the bridge, and having gone down the road some little way, she turned into a narrow lane, and then up a wretched court, over which was written Seacoal Yard. I had noticed on our way that she was thinly and miserably clad, and I was not therefore surprised to find the room into which she ushered me almost destitute of furniture. It was about half-past five, and the evening was cold and raw, but there was no fire. I will not dwell on the wretchedness of the case more than is necessary.

"I found the man to be one whom I had known some years before. He had been a gentleman's groom, had been convicted of theft, and since that had gone irretrievably to the bad. He was very ill, and extremely excitable. After remaining about an hour, I went out to see some of the officials, for the purpose of getting him relieved or admitted into an hospital. I was delayed, and when I returned to his room, it was nearly eleven o'clock. Finding him delirious, and at times quite violent, I had not the heart to leave his wife alone with him while he was in this state. The little kindness I had shown them, such as getting them a fire, &c., appeared to have melted her, and instead of the unwomanly person, whose hard harsh tones had grated on my ear at the corner of Wellington street, she seemed a different being. I heard her now softly asking her husband to be still, and then turning aside, she would try to hide the tears that sympathy, to which she had so long been a stranger, called forth.

"About twelve he fell into a heavy sleep, and telling her that in the morning she would be relieved of the solitary watching, and that I would call on the morrow, I left the house. And now I come to the ghost."

"Oh! yes, now?" said Kate, who was listening with all her might.

"It was a showery night, and rather windy. The moon shone out at intervals, and then was obscured by the heavy masses of cloud which were driven rapidly across the sky. It was doubtless very unprofessional, but as I turned out of the yard into the narrow lane I felt weary and dispirited. The wretched condition of the two with whom I had spent the last few hours had affected me greatly. I must excuse myself on the plea that I was at the time young in my profession, and that I had not acquired the stoical indifference which experience has given, and which enables me to look with calm apathy on any condition however pitiable."

"Nonsense, doctor," said the squire, "you know you are as soft-hearted as a child now."

"I must beg leave to deny the soft impeachment, but we will not discuss that now. As I walked up Waterloo Road, and approached the toll-bar, I suddenly remembered how I had on the previous day received a strange anonymous communication, directing me to meet the writer on the bridge I was about to cross, at a quarter to one, midnight. I knew it was then twenty minutes to one, and it seemed strange to me that I was unintentionally going to keep an appointment to which I had not given a second thought, as I always pitch anonymous communications into the fire. It never struck me that it might be imprudent to cross the bridge, and if the idea of going round ever presented itself, such a proceeding I am certain from what happened afterwards would have been quite impossible. Cabs there were none near, so, had I wished it, I could not have ridden home.

"By this time I had reached the bar. I paid the toll, and got fairly on the bridge. The tide was very low, and, excepting where the feeble light from the lamps fell on the water, the river looked like a black and fathomless abyss.

"Before I had advanced a hundred yards from the gate I became conscious that some being, dark, shadowy, mysterious, and indefinable, was walking near me. I felt certain it was, and a creeping sensation of fear came over me. In vain I tried to hasten my steps, it was useless. I did not appear to advance faster, and the figure kept up with me. Instead of following me, as it did at first, it had now reached my right side, and I could perceive that its outline was becoming more and more distinct. I was on the river side, as I had started on the left hand pavement looking towards Lancaster Place.

"When we reached the middle of the bridge, a voice commanded me to stop. I was obliged to obey, as also I did the order to be seated, and I sank down accordingly on the stone ledge that runs round each recess. There was not sufficient light from the lamps to distinguish much, but the moon, which had passed under a cloud, now shone forth again, and I saw quite plainly the form of the unwelcome stranger who had joined me. The figure was of gigantic height, this being all the more apparent as it was bending over me while I was seated. The garb was that of a woman, and this tended to increase the effect of the size. The features, although I could trace them on paper, I will not attempt to describe, but their effect on me was to make me long again for the darkness, so that I might not be able to see them. There would have been something ridiculous in sitting thus on that solitary ledge at such an hour had my position been any other than it was; but I was speechless with terror, without any power to move or act, excepting just as I was bid. How long this lasted I know not; but on looking up again, (compelled to do so by a species of fascination,) I saw that this being carried something, what, I could not define. At length I heard a voice:—

"'It is your task,' it said, 'to relieve me of this burden. My hand, though powerless to cast it off, is able to compel you to obey me. Take it.'

"I stretched out my hand, resistance was impossible, and it met something cold and clammy. Despite the shudder that passed over me I grasped it, and what I held was heavy.

"'Here,' said my companion again, 'take this cord, and drop the burden into the river.' And while saying this, I saw it uncover its neck, and take from it a halter, which appeared to have been tightly bound round it. I did all I was commanded, and having with trembling fingers tied the cord, I lowered the burden over the bridge down towards the water. It stopped in its descent suddenly, and I felt the rope become loose.

"'Stay,' cried my companion, 'it has alighted on the parapet; it cannot remain there.' At the same instant I felt the grasp of this being at my throat.

"'Oh! release me,' I groaned, but it was useless to entreat or struggle. The rope was at my neck, a more than gigantic power raised me in the air, and the next moment I was hanging over the dark stream. I became unconscious, and I remember no more."

I paused, and waited. There was a momentary silence, and then Kate said:—

"But there is more, doctor? do tell us what followed?"

"I cannot. I do not know myself."

"Oh! but how did you get home? There *must* be more, you know, only you don't like to tell us," she rejoined.

"All I know is, that when I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed on a fine frosty morning, and, as it happened, rather late. I had been at an oyster-supper the night before, and perhaps that will elucidate the mystery."

"Doctor, I declare you are worse than Harry! frightening us all, and then only to make fun of us afterwards. It has spoiled it all."

"And now," said the squire, "we will have our cigars."

D. N.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE LIFE OF Mendelsohn Bartholdy.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY A. FORESTIER.

Of all the great composers of modern times there is none nearer to the hearts of the German people, none more beloved than Mendelsohn Bartholdy. His memory will always be dear to us, not only because of his tone-creations, which cannot but rejoice and elevate every noble mind, but because of the traits of character which he at all times revealed. We do not intend to speak here of the worth of the Mendelsohn compositions, the object of these lines is rather to save from oblivion an incident in the life of this great man, and to lay even thus late a fresh wreath upon his grave.

It was during the intensely warm summer of 1842 that among the list of newly arrived strangers in the Zurich daily Journal, there appeared one day the name of Mendelsohn Bartholdy. His arrival was hardly made known before the most prominent of the numerous Zurich musicians and music lovers hastened to call upon the artist and invite him to one or other of their select assemblies. Courteously, but decisively, Mendelsohn declined all these invitations. His health was already much undermined, the journey to Switzerland was intended to recruit and strengthen him, and the physicians had strictly forbidden any excitement or active employment. At last the director of the Blind Asylum of the city came to him and stated that in his institution there were some pupils who gave evidence of great musical ability, that already they had excited some attention from the public on account of some songs and chorals they had composed, but that now he eagerly desired the opinion of so competent a judge with regard to their abilities and to the merits of their previous compositions. "I have declined every other invitation," was the artist's reply; "but I cannot refuse to come to your blind pupils." He kept his promise. He went to the asylum, and was much affected when he saw himself surrounded by the blind. After he had conversed with them for a while in the most friendly way, they sang him some of their compositions. With evident interest, yet with emotion, he listened, score in hand, and there was one choral in especial with which he seemed much pleased. After complimenting the performance and pointing out several places that seemed to him particularly striking, he assured the director that there was no doubt as to the talent of the composers, and advised the latter to continue to work diligently, and to choose subjects of worth. Noticing some corrections in the score of the choral, Mendelsohn inquired from whom they had proceeded, and when he had learned the name, he remarked with a friendly smile, "The correction is certainly not without grounds; the sentence is more according to rule; but in its original form it was more pleasing, more striking;" then turning to the blind composer, he said: "Never let corrections lead you astray. The truly cultivated musical ear has no longer need of rules; it is in itself rule and law."

To render complete the joy of the little company, not one of whom would have had courage to ask for anything more, the artist modestly asked permission to play something for them upon the piano. He then seated himself at the instrument and improvised one of those wondrous fantasies with which he so often delighted his friends. But with what rapture did the faces of the blind beam, when amidst a flood of brilliant passages there emerged the chief motive of the beforementioned choral! Every one of us were ready to embrace the beloved man and press him to our hearts. Amidst the most hearty wishes for the prosperity of the institution and the welfare of the pupils, he took his leave. None of us ever saw him again. A few short years after, death bore him away; yet he still lives, not only in his magnificent works, but in the memory, in the hearts of all who saw or heard him. The composer of the choral still lives in the asylum, and cherishes the chair in which Mendelsohn sat, a dear relic, and calls it the Mendelsohn chair.

Popular Names of States.

Virginia, the Old Dominion.
Massachusetts, the Bay state.
Maine, the Border state.
Rhode Island, little Rhody.
New York, the Empire state.
New Hampshire, the Granite state.
Vermont, the Green Mountain state.
Connecticut, the Land of Steady Habits.
Pennsylvania, the Keystone state.
North Carolina, the Old North state.
Ohio, the Buckeye state.
South Carolina, the Palmetto state.
Michigan, the Wolverine state.
Kentucky, the Corn-Cracker.
Delaware, the Blue Hen's Chicken.
Missouri, the Puke state.
Indiana, the Hoosier state.
Illinois, the Sucker state.
Iowa, the Hawkeye state.
Wisconsin, the Badger state.
Florida, the Peninsular state.
Texas, the Lone Star state.

About So.—A Western editor says it is more blessed to have a friend present you with fifty speckled trout, than to be President of the United States and die by assassination.

☞ An important adjunct of the Navy School—a *monitor*.

The Wonders of a Watch.

Very few of the many who carry watches ever think of the complexity of its delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor it performs, and how astonishingly well it bears up and does its duty under what would be considered very shappy treatment in almost any other machinery. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a fraction of the service. We were forcibly struck with this thought the other day, upon hearing a person remark, that by way of gratifying his curiosity, he had made a calculation of the revolution which the wheels in an American watch make in a day and a year. The result of this calculation is as suggestive as it is interesting. For example:—The main wheel makes four revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 1,460 in a year; the second, or centre wheel, twenty-four revolutions in twenty-four hours, or 8,769 in a year; the third wheel, one hundred and ninety-two in twenty-four hours, or 59,080 in a year; the fourth wheel, (which carries the second hand,) 1,440 in twenty-four hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth, or scape wheel, 12,960 in twenty-four hours, or 4,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations, made in twenty-four hours, are 388,800, or 141,812,000 in a year.

☞ More Than She Bargained For.—The Portsmouth Journal tells a strange anecdote regarding the purchase of an old piece of furniture and what grew out of it. A Mrs. Mayberry, now living at Cape Elizabeth, Portland, purchased at auction in Portsmouth, about two years ago, an old mahogany stuffed-chair that was a curiosity, only paying fifty cents for it. While endeavoring to repair the ragged haircloth cushion she found some papers that are said to possess great value—one, a will of one of the Derby family, that, it is intimated, affects sundry titles in England.

WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING FOR MUSIC.

Those stationary or indifferent persons who hold still to the once current opinion that Melodeons are only useful as furnishing an agreeable accompaniment to sacred songs, and are wholly incapable of anything grand or thrilling in a musical way, are decidedly behind the times, for *revolution* has been busy with those instruments and they are no longer as in "ye olden time."

A visit to the extensive Melodeon manufactory of Messrs. Carhart, Needham & Co., Nos. 97 to 101 E. 23d street, New York, introduced us recently to one of these surprises; and a very agreeable one it was. The additions and improvements which 30 years' experience have enabled these now famous manufacturers to combine in their church and parlor organs and melodeons, render them, without doubt, in all respects far superior to any others in existence, while one recent application of a new patent "swell," may be said to have effected a complete revolution in this species of instrument. They are distinguished for a flute-like sweetness and purity of tone, for substantial constitution, endurance, delicacy of touch, elegance of finish, and, above all, for cheapness. As an evidence of this last most attractive peculiarity we were shown one superb organ designed for church use, containing all the various stops, pedals, etc., and capable of producing all the grand effects and powerful tones of a pipe organ costing two thousand dollars, which is sold at the extremely reasonable price of five hundred. It is no wonder that, in view of the facts here stated, this establishment is turning out countless numbers of these beautiful musical novelties. We saw them leaving the manufactory by hundreds during our brief visit, and the cry is still for more.

No person of wealth, taste and refinement, should be without one of these splendid instruments in the house, and we advise every one interested to call and see for themselves, confidently predicting that the surprise of the public will equal ours, and be equally agreeable.—*American Baptist*

Beauty.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,18. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales 10,000 bbls, mostly extra family, at $9@9,25 for Northwestern, and $10@10,50 for Penna and Ohio do, including fancy lots at $11@12,50, and extras at $8@9 ℔ bbl, as in quality; superfine ranges at $7@7,75. Rye Flour—Sales at $6 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—The market is fairly supplied with Wheat. About 35,000 bushels were disposed of at $1,75@1,90 for inferior; $2@2,10 for fair to good new red; $2@2,20 for old do; $2,21@2,25 for choice lots; $2,35@2,45 for white. Rye is selling at 95@96c for Southern and $1@1,05 for Maryland and Pennsylvania. Corn—About 25,000 bushels found buyers at 90@93c for yellow, and 85c for white. Oats—About 30,000 bushels sold at 46@53c for new.

PROVISIONS—The market continues almost at a stand still. We quote Mess Pork at $33@34, and Mess Beef at $12@16 ℔ bbl for country and city packed. Bacon is in request at 27@31c for plain and fancy bagged Hams; Sides are worth 19@20c, and Shoulders 12½@13c. Green Meats sell freely at 16@17c for Shoulders, in salt, and 21@23c for Hams, in salt and pickle. Lard; sales of common at 21@24c, and prime tierce at 23@25½c. Butter; sales at 25@35c for fair to prime packed. Cheese is worth 15@17c ℔ lb. Eggs are wanted at 27c ℔ dozen.

COTTON is unchanged. About 650 bales have been disposed of at 39@40c for low and 44@46c for middling and good middling quality.

BARK—Sales 100 hhds Quercitron are reported at $32½ for 1st No 1. No change in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX is selling at 51@52c ℔ lb.

COAL—There is a fair demand for the supply of the Eastern markets at $9@10 ℔ ton on board at Richmond.

COFFEE—The market is firm. Some 700 bags found buyers at 19@20c for Rio and Laguayra.

FEATHERS—Sales 4000 pounds Western at 95@100c ℔ lb.

FRUIT—The sales are confined to Green Apples, which are quoted at $5@7 ℔ bbl.

HAY—There is more doing at $18@20 ℔ ton.

HOPS are firm and selling at 50@60c for new, and 35@40c for old crop.

IRON—The market continues active; sales Pig Metal at $35@40 for Forge, and $40@46 ℔ ton for Foundry.

LUMBER—The market is active; sales range at $26@28 for White Pine; $25 for Yellow Pine; $8@9 for Lehigh Hemlock Boards, and $11 for rafted Hemlock. White Pine Shingles sell at $26@28 ℔ M.

MOLASSES—Prime is firm; sales 500 hhds at 60c for Cienfuegos and English Island, and 45c for ordinary Cuba.

OILS—Petroleum; sales of 18,000 bbls refined, in bond, at 58@60c. Free Oil is worth 77@80c. Crude; 6000 bbls have been disposed of at 32@33c ℔ gallon.

PLASTER is firm at $3,50 ℔ ton.

RICE—Sales at 9¼@10c for Rangoon, and 12@12½c for Carolina.

SEEDS—Cloverseed ranges at $7,50@7,75 ℔ bus. Timothy is worth $3,50 ℔ bushel. Flaxseed is selling at $3,25@3,50 ℔ bushel.

SPIRITS—There is no change in Brandy and Gin. N. E. Rum is selling at $2,35@2,40. Whiskey—Sales of bbls at $2,30@2,33.

SUGARS are firm. Sales 1,000 hhds, mostly Cuba, at 9@10c, gold, and 12½@13c, currency, including Porto Rico at 14½@15c.

TALLOW—Sales of rendered at 16@17c ℔ lb.

WOOL—There is rather more demand from manufacturers at 65@75c for low, medium and fine fleece, and 70@75c for tub.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices realized from $10 to 11,50 ℔ 100 lbs. 1700 Hogs at from $16½ to 18,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 6½ to 7½c ℔ lb. 125 Cows brought from $30 to 70 ℔ head.

CANCERS CURED.

Cancers Cured without pain or the use of the knife. Tumors, White Swellings, Goitre, Ulcers, and all Chronic Diseases successfully treated. Circulars describing treatment sent free of charge.

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BALD HEADS and Bare Faces covered, Gray Hair restored, Light Hair darkened, Weak Hair strengthened, and Bushy Hair beautified.

Also, Pimpled Faces cured, purified, and made soft, smooth, clear, and beautiful, by the use of CHAPMAN'S CELEBRATED RECIPES.

Mailed free to those wishing to give them an honest trial.

These Recipes can be obtained without charge by return mail, by addressing

THOS. F. CHAPMAN,
CHEMIST AND PERFUMER,
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The Beautiful Art of Enamelling the Skin.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

Volunteers, Read This.—For the derangement of the system, Change of Diet, Wounds, Sores, Bruises and Eruptions, to which every volunteer is liable, there are no remedies so safe, convenient and sure as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, thoroughly tested in the Crimean and Italian campaigns. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many dealers will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.00 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

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"*London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.*"
Pronounce it *perfect, and the only known Restorer of Color and Hair Dresser combined.*

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XLNC	"London"	"Hair Color."	is
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	"London"	"Hair Color."	
1 XL.	"London" without	"Hair Color."	a
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Makes the Hair Soft, Glossy and Luxuriant. Keeps the Scalp Clean, Cool and Healthy.

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Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer
Renews the Hair.
Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer
Restores gray hair to the original color.
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Prevents the hair from falling off.
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Makes the hair soft and glossy.
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Does not stain the skin.
Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer
Has proved itself the best preparation for the hair ever presented to the public. Price $1. For sale by all druggists.

A WONDERFUL RESULT.

Patience and perseverance ultimately convert the mulberry leaf into satin. For years the mechanics of the world have endeavored to solve the principle of perpetual motion. They have failed only because perpetual motion is a power only in the hands of Omnipotence. Inventors have for eighteen years past been endeavoring to make a sewing machine that shall cost no more than an ordinary clock, and yet shall answer all the purposes of the costlier machines. There is no reason that sewing machines should cost so high. The work upon them is not complicated, nor yet costly. We hail therefore with satisfaction the invention of a compact and perfectly reliable instrument sold at the price of $5 that will revolutionize the sewing machine business all over the world. It sews with the common needle, in the natural way, and the patents for needles with the eye on the point are rendered unnecessary in this case. The parties manufacturing the machines are perfectly reliable, and the field of operations before them and their agents, is literally as broad as the world. See the advertisement of the Gem Sewing Machine Co. in another column.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 14th of Sept., 1865, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Thos. Storer, assisted by the Rev. A. E. Ward, Mr. W. R. Snell, of Philada., to Miss M. M. Morgan, of Finleyville, Washington county, Pa.

On the 20th instant, by the Rev. Richard Newton, D. D., Solomon W. Roberts to Jane Ellwood, daughter of Ellwood Shannon, both of this city.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. Jacob K. Sterne to Miss Acnsah A. Cole, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. Joseph S. Greene to Miss Anna E. Rowen, daughter of Christopher Rowen, Esq., both of this city.

On the 23d of Aug., by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. David Ross to Miss Ellie Lowe, both of this city.

On the 20th of Aug., by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, Mr. William H. Fairhurst to Miss Sarah Baker, both of Frankford.

On the 31st of July, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. John Kinkade to Miss Lizzie Todd, both of this city.

On the 14th instant, by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. William S. Wilson to Miss Emily W. Penner, daughter of John R. Penner, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th instant, John Joyce, in his 42d year.

On the 18th instant, John B. Perry, Sr., in his 64th year.

On the 18th instant, Thomas Lanreth, in his 69th year.

On the 17th instant, Mr. Andrew S. Horner, aged 22 years.

On the 17th instant, John Pickering, late of the U. S. Marine Corps, in his 82d year.

On the 17th instant, Moses Culbertson, aged 65 years.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. Alice Mills, widow of the late John Mills, aged 50 years.

On the 16th instant, Ann Rob McCurdy, wife of Rev. Thos. H. Stockton.

On the 16th instant, Elizabeth, wife of William Milnes, aged 57 years.

On the 14th instant, Joseph Englebert, in his 74th year.

On the 13th instant, Thomas T. Sanford, in his 19th year.

On the 14th instant, Andrew Baker, in his 53d year.

On the 19th instant, at Burlington, New Jersey, Isaac B. Parker, Esq., in his 83d year.

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MEN AND BOYS' WEAR.
BLANKETS, SHEETINGS, DAMASKS, &c., &c.
mar18-1y

Marriage Notices.—A Western paper gives the following notice:—"All notice of marriages, where no bridecake is sent, will be set up in small type, and poked in some outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, it will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends the ceremony *in propria persona*, and kisses the bride, it will have especial notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, stolen, or coined from the brain editorial."

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Catching the Butterfly" is the leading steel engraving of the September number of this favorite periodical—and a very pretty picture it is. It will remind many of the days of their childhood, when they roamed about catching butterflies—and some perhaps may think sadly that since they have grown to riper years, they have been engaged in nothing much more important than trying to catch such other butterflies as wealth and pleasure and fame. The steel fashioned plate for this number is as handsome as usual, and the sporting dress in it something a little peculiar. We suppose it is the way that the Empress Eugenie and her ladies dress, when on their sporting excursions. "Looking for Father," is a pretty wood engraving. Then we have engravings of a Lace Jacket, Mode of Dressing the Hair, a Bridal Coiffure, In-door Cap, &c., &c. We quote the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

STEEL PLATE.—Catching the Butterfly.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
"Looking for Father."—Lace Jacket, (front view.)—Name in Satin-stitch.—Lace Jacket, (back view.)—Insertion.—Mode of Dressing the Hair.—Collar.
MUSIC—President Johnson's Grand March.
CHERRY LAWN. By Hattie Hammond.
LOVE'S IDOLATRY. By Mrs. A. V. B.
PAROLED. By Addie E. Sutton.
TITIAN VERCELLI.
LOOKING BEYOND. By Clara Augusta.
TO CLARE. By M.
MRS. MELENDY'S MATCH. By Frances Lee.
THE VILLAGE BEAUTY AND THE CITY BELLE. By Mrs. E. M. Russell.
THE STORY OF A LIFE. By Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer.
THE MIDSUMMER CHILD. By Julia Gill.
MARRIAGE BY THE WAY. By Sophie May.
REVERY. By Edwin R. Martin.
TOLD BY THE SUN. By Beatice Colonna.
TO ——. By Lucie.
NOVELTIES FOR SEPTEMBER. With Illustrations.
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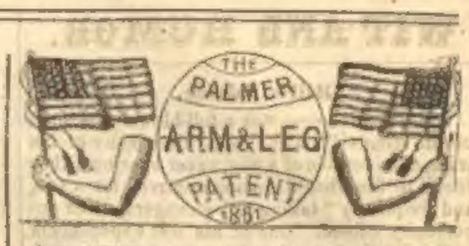

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Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
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☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus.* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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Philadelphia, Aug. 25, 1865. sep16-tf

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A new and wonderful discovery, Dr. J. C. DIXON'S CANCER ANTIDOTE, which has already proved, in over five hundred cases, to be the most successful treatment for Cancer that has ever been used by man. The method of treatment is indeed simple. This terrible disease is entirely removed in a solid mass, without the use of the knife, loss of blood, producing of pain, caustic burning, or affecting the sound parts. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M.; No. 726 Broadway, New York.

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SOMETHING NEW.—WANTED IN EVERY family. Patented. Send for DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR. Address Box 29,
sep23-5t Sheffield, Warren Co., Pa.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
feb27-tf 169 Nassau street, New York City.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Bill's Advice.

Old Bill W——— was a full-blown specimen of the genus "loafer," and, like many of his tribe, considerable of a wag, never sparing either friend or foe when a chance occurred for a sell, and frequently "taking in" strangers when opportunity offered. One of his last experiments in this line is thus related:

He was standing one pleasant spring-day in front of the Pavillion Hotel at A———, when a man came along driving a team, consisting of a very large, fine horse, harnessed beside a small, shaggy, inferior-looking pony.

"Hallo! stranger, stop a minute," shouted old Bill, and, walking up to the stranger's team, he surveyed it with a critical eye for several minutes, finally remarking:

"That's a fine hoss you have there, friend—a very fine hoss."

"Yes, sir, he is that. Do you want to buy?" responded the stranger.

"And the pony—is he yours, too?"

"Yes, he's mine. Do you want to buy him?" demanded the driver, beginning to become impatient at the delay.

"Wal, no, stranger," with great deliberation, "I don't want to buy; but, if I were you, I'll tell you what I'd do," and again he paused to give another attentive glance to the animals before him.

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, if I were you, and owned them hosses, I'd have the little un grafted, and then he'd be a match for the big un by fall!"

And having fired his shot, old Bill retreated in good order, followed by a volley of curses both loud and deep.

A "Lub-Letter."

A clergyman in one of the Southern states, noted for the easy polish of his manners, and especially for the beauty of his penmanship, had a favorite slave who fell deeply in love with a sable beauty on a neighboring plantation. The ardor of the flame that consumed him was such, that it at length overcame his bashfulness; and he begged his master in most moving terms, to write a lub-letter for him. The master at once consented; and after writing a long and flowery epistle, in the most approved love letter style, and in faultless chirography, read it over to the expectant "darkey." He seemed much delighted with it, and allowed his master to fold and almost finish directing it, when a shade passed over his countenance; and looking exceedingly puzzled, he burst forth:

"Oh, Lord! Massa, dat nebber do! *Nebber* do, in dis 'varsal world!"

"Why, what now, Pompey? what is the matter? What is it that displeases you in the letter?"

"Why massa? you l'arned gemman, and not know *dat!*—and even poor Pomp *he* know? Oh! Lord gorra! I thought white folks know sum thin'!" (This last was an aside.) "Don't you see, you nebber finish lub-letter? You not say, 'Please, excudge de bad writing!'"

Laconic.

A lady having occasion to call upon Abernethy, the great surgeon, and knowing his repugnance to anything like verbosity, forbade speaking except simply in reply to his laconic inquiries. The consultation, during three visits, was conducted in the following manner:—

First Day.—(Lady enters and holds out her finger.) *Abernethy*—"Cut?" *Lady*—"Bite." *A.*—"Dog?" *L.*—"Parrot." *A.*—"Go home and poultice it."

Second Day.—(Finger held out again.) *A.*—"Better?" *L.*—"Worse." *A.*—"Go home and poultice it again."

Third Day.—(Finger held out as before.) *A.*—"Better?" *L.*—"Well." *A.*—"You're the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-by. Get out."

Anecdote.

A correspondent of THE POST at Augusta, Kentucky, sends us the following original anecdote:—

My nephew, a boy of five years—was a *grand* little coward. He lived near Port Gibson, Mississippi, and had seen a great many of the Federal soldiers—and unfortunately those who where not very prepossessing—as those that visited his father's, came to plunder. He therefore was very much afraid of the "Yankees," and ran and hid when he heard they were coming. He said one day to his mother, "If I were a *grand big* man, like the big trees, and had guns, and pistols, and big knives, and a *little* Yankee, as big as me, was here, and asleep, I would slip up by him and kill him.

Getting Married.

A loafer, who had been noisy, was up before the Mayor's court. His honor told him to pay over five dollars for his fine.

"C-c-c can't do it" muttered he; "a-a-in't got the p-p-pewter."

"Are you a married man?" inquired the Mayor.

"N-n-n-not exactly so f-f-far gone yet, sir."

"Well, I will have to send you to the workhouse."

"T-t-t-tain't nuthin' to g-g-go there," said Alick—"b-b-but when you t-t-talked about m-m-marriage, old fellow, you *f-f-frightened* me?"

A CLIENT, while bathing in the sea, saw his lawyer rise up, after a long dive, at his side. "Ho, there, Mr. ———, have you taken out a warrant against Burt?" "He is in quod," replied the agent, and dived again, showing his heels as a parting view to his client; nor did the latter hear more of the interview with the shark until he got his account, containing the entry, "To consultation at sea *anent* the incarceration of Burt, six shillings and eightpence."

THE following is perhaps the most laughable incident that has occurred in reference to a locked-up jury, since the case in which a Galway bailiff, having been questioned as to whether he had spoken to any of the jury during the night, gravely answered: "No, my lord; they kept calling out for me to bring them whiskey, but I always said, Gentlemen of the jury, it's my duty to tell you that I'm sworn not to speak to you."

A TRUTH FOR TEA DRINKERS.—Commercial intelligence from Shanghai lately announced—"Tea tending downward." Do you call that news? Why, of course, whenever anybody drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency.

SUCH A CLEVER DOG!

Mor having been taught to ring the bell by the young ladies, sometimes practises the accomplishment for his private amusement. The "hindignation" of the "hupper" servants may be imagined!

A WOMAN.

Her shape from air its lightness seemed to take;
With quiet robed, if in her serious mien;
But fell her steps in haste like flake on flake
With graceful speed alighting on the green.

Not a wild rose-cup's newly-opened curve
Could match the perfect outline of her cheek;
Nor the smooth blendings of its color serve
That fair complexion's unstained bloom to speak.

The rich soft brown of her luxuriant hair
In orbs of light her eyes again expressed;
The smile of her sweet mouth outsmiled compare,
Moving to speech, or close in dimpled rest.

Words were her life that cooled with pleasant breath
The angriest cheek, and actions strewn around
Of delicate design, like bells of heath
Whose thousands give its color to the ground.

Her fine perception pierced the roughest act,
When it encrusted gems of kindliness,
Could rein her wind-wild spirits, and with tact
Approach the leaves of sensitive distress.

Guilt's pupil checked his words in their career,
With crimsoned awe, before her bended brow,
Which like a rain's bright evening would appear,
When sorrow prayed her with a purer show.

Stern to herself, no primrose pressed so light
The ground beneath, as she an erring soul;
And, sin abhorring, from Compassion's height
Shone upon those who mourned in its control.

Entomological.

It has long been a disputed point with entomologists, whether the peculiar war cry of the mosquito was produced from whatever it has in the way of lungs, or was merely caused by the rapid vibration of its wings. A party who inclined to the former opinion recently declared that he would not object to the mosquito holding a sanguinary festival upon his body if he did not always say grace before meat, an eminently facetious remark. But, nevertheless, it is certain that the hum of the blood-thirsty insect is produced by its wings, a fact sufficiently proved by the cessation of the sound when he alights to begin his cannibalistic repast.

It has been ascertained by an instrument called the sirene, that a mosquito's wings vibrate at the rate of fifteen thousand times a second, the pitch of the note produced being more than two octaves above the highest note of a seven-octave piano. The wing of a mosquito is so thin that fifty thousand, placed one upon the other, would not form a heap more than a quarter of an inch in height.

The man who stated that the mosquitoes in Atlantic county, New Jersey, made a noise like the passing of a railroad train, and that they were in the habit of clinching their stings in the bodies of small children and carrying them off, to be disposed of at leisure, was guilty of a heartless and base prevarication. There is also no truth in the report that they eat oxen in the fields and then take a *siesta* on the fence, picking their teeth with one of the horns.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SAVING ICE.

"I am sorry I have no ice-water to offer you," said our down Delaware friend on one of our blazing July days this past summer.

"Ah! How is that, John? Ice all gone before the last week in July? Why, I thought you had a capital ice-house, and laid in a liberal stock of real Brandywine crystal last winter."

"Yes, I've got an orthodox ice-house, built according to directions in the Germantown Telegraph, and filled it chock full of as good solid ice as Jack Frost ever made."

"Well—where is it?"

"I don't know. It's gone."

"Are you certain the house is all right?"

"No; but I built according to directions, and it ought to be. My brother Joe, and Neighbor Warley over the hill there, have ice-houses exactly like mine—all built at the same time, and theirs keep ice beautifully."

"That is singular. Suppose we hold a survey on this house of yours, and try if we can discover the cause of failure."

So we adjourned to John's empty ice-house, and the difficulty was apparent without any very extended investigation.

The house was entirely correct in its construction, only it was not quite finished.

Fourteen feet square in the clear, and sixteen feet high, that house would hold ice enough for any family the year round. The frame of hemlock scantling, 3 by 7 inches, boarded close outside and in, with common hemlock boards, the rafters 3 by 5 inches, and boarded both sides in the same manner, and the spaces between the two shells packed in firmly with forest leaves.

In the bottom of John's ice-house was a raft of straw, floating on the surface of a pond of *ice-water* three feet deep. John's ice had gone into premature liquidation, that might have been prevented by free *drainage* and ventilation, by three or four slits a foot long and an inch wide, in the peaks or gable ends of the ice-house.

John says he will remedy that difficulty before he puts in another ice crop, and we know of at least a half dozen other farmers who ought to do the same thing. Perhaps there may be others not sufficiently POSTED upon the subject of draining and ventilating their ice-houses.

Ice having grown from a simple summer luxury into a compound, all-the-year round, of necessity, no farmer, merchant, or mechanic, living in the country, ought to live another year without owning an ice-house and filling it with ice. We know so well now that, in very many instances, the timely application of a pound or two of ice will save a human life, that it is criminal neglect not to have it always at hand.

There are annually published divers plans and directions for building ice-houses, but we have seen nothing better, nor any other so simple and cheap as the one recommended in the Germantown Telegraph.

COUNTY AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

No better indication could possibly be given of the determination of farmers to walk up and help themselves to useful information, than the unusually long list of *County* Agricultural Fairs to be held the present season.

Locally, a county fair, held in any section of the county, is of twenty times more practical benefit to the county in which it is held, than all the state cattle encampments ever inaugurated. State Fairs are almost invariably aristocratic *affairs*, held exclusively for the pride and pockets of country gentlemen—grand gala gatherings of rural nabobs, very little to the profit, pleasure or education of our plain, practical farmers.

County Fairs, on the contrary, are rather social gatherings, not so precise and pretentious as to frighten seven-tenths of our honest, unpretending yeomanry from going within five miles of one, or so remote from the majority as to preclude the possibility of a visit. Indeed, the greatest benefit of county fairs consists in their convenience as to distance. Whole neighborhoods, acquainted, and, to a great extent, familiar with each other's ideas and the requirements of the locality, meet so conveniently at county fairs, and discuss such topics as tend most to promote local interests, with a freedom and familiarity scarcely allowable at the more stately gatherings.

Farmers everywhere are beginning to appreciate the important advantages of employing more exclusively than they had ever done before all kinds of labor-saving implements, and the instructions needful as to what is wanted, and where to procure it, are, as a rule, better afforded and more clearly understood at a county agricultural fair than at a state one, for the simple reason that while there are usually on exhibition all kinds of implements that the ordinary necessities of the farmer demands, there is not so much *show* and competition, and blustering rivalry, as to utterly confound any ordinary intellect.

FARMERS' CLUBS.

There is no more profitable disposition that a practical farmer can make of one or two evenings semi-monthly, or weekly, than by attending a thoroughly organized, well conducted, real wide-awake club meeting.

As a rule, the practical knowledge that may be disseminated at any such meeting of a club of intelligent, matter-of-fact farmers is of more worth than ten flowery, flippant essays written by popular and very scientific agricultural theorists. Every week the New York Farmers' Club scatters broadcast through the length and breadth of our whole Union—aye, and a good ways beyond it—a great deal more really valuable information, upon a great variety of agricultural topics, than it is possible for the best publication in the country to place before the public. The reason is that, almost without an exception, the active members of the club are not only men of scientific attainments, but thoroughly practical.

It cannot be reasonably expected that there can be many farmers' clubs organized in our whole country—probably none other—like that of the American Institute. But that is no argument against the inaugurating of clubs to meet weekly or semi-monthly, in every agricultural community in the country.

It is by no means a necessity, or even desirable, that the members of such organizations should be orators, speech-makers, and agricultural *savants*. Nothing of the kind. Let each member bring such intelligence as he has, communicate it to the club in such language as God and his education has given him, and from other members receive information, new and valuable to himself as his is to them.

Let every such club keep a journal of their discussions, and, through their secretary, furnish to the columns of the nearest local newspaper a synopsis of their debates, comprising, in brief, all useful topics that may come under the consideration of the club. Every publisher and editor of a respectable newspaper will gladly make room in his columns for such material, and, by giving it to the public, greatly benefit the community at large, as well as the local one from which it originated.

The agricultural interest of the country would be greatly advanced by having farmers' clubs in every rural neighborhood in it.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

As the season will soon be here again we give this receipt for a

DELICIOUS SCRAPPLE.—Prepare a hog's head, by having the bones well *cracked*, that those parts about the nose may be rendered, also the eyes and the aperture of the *ears*; then if there are any hairs remaining, singe them with a candle, and scrape it clean. Cut from the pluck the lights, liver and heart; wash and soak them, as well as all other parts several hours. One or 2 sets of feet are much to be desired, as the jelly which is left after boiling them is a very decided improvement to the mixture. Boil the liver from 2½ to 3 hours by itself; cool and *grate* it. All the other parts boil until very tender, and chop fine. Strain all the water in which they are boiled (except from the liver,) through a colander to free it from bones; then pour back into the vessel in which the scrapple is to be made; season with salt, red and black pepper, and a very little sage; when boiling, thicken it with ½ Indian and ½ buckwheat meal until the *stirrer* will stand up in it; and after it has cooked a few minutes, pour in the meat, and as soon as it is thoroughly mixed it may be taken up. Do not have much fire under when thickened. To *keep* it well, turn it upside down after it is cold on a smooth shelf in a cool place. If you have no other vessel suitable to boil the meat in, a common *wash boiler* (clean,) is a nice thing for the purpose, but not so convenient to thicken it in. S. M. T.

TO KEEP MINCE MEAT.—Mince meat may be kept entirely sweet for months, at any time of year, by packing it in stone jars, and covering the surface with, say ½ an inch of molasses to exclude the air.—*Amer. Ag.*

OMELET CURD.—Beat together 4 eggs and a teacup of milk. Have ready a skillet, with a piece of butter the size of a walnut on a moderate fire. Pour the mixture in, and cook 15 minutes. A capital addition to this is parboiled ham cut into small bits, and mixed through.—*Amer. Ag.*

Selected.

MACKEREL-ROES EN CAISSES.—Put the soft roes from half a dozen broiled mackerel into paper cases, with shred parsley, a little rasped bread, butter, salt, and pepper. Bake them, and serve them up with lemon juice squeezed over them.

MACKEREL A L'ALLEMANDE.—Split the fish down the back, and season them with pepper and salt; broil them, and serve them with a sauce prepared as follows:—Pick and wash some fennel, parsley, mint, thyme, and small green onions, using only a small quantity of each. Boil them until tender in a little veal stock; after which chop them up, and add to them some fresh butter, the liquor they were boiled in, some grated nutmeg, the juice of half a lemon, a little cayenne pepper, and salt. Let it boil; thicken it with flour, and send it up in a sauce-boat.

MACKEREL FRIED.—Cut each mackerel into eight pieces, and soak these for half an hour in lemon juice, pepper, and salt. Wipe them quite dry, dip each piece into wine-butter, fry them dry, and serve with fried parsley.

USES OF BONES FOR SOUP.—If the stock meat happen to be devoid of bone, it is necessary to supply the deficiency, but, with the exercise of common forethought, there ought to be plenty of bone liquor in every kitchen. It is not simply for its gelatinous quality that bone liquor is desirable, neither is it merely economical, although in the latter view the saving is not inconsiderable. But bones contain mineral substances that are as essential to the strength of the frame as any other description of nourishment. Without these "babies get rickets, young ladies acquire crooked spines, fathers get gouty, and mothers have palpitations"—a sad chapter of accidents truly, and all because it is easier to throw the bones into the dusthole, or supposed to be more profitable to sell them to the rag-man! In order to extract the full amount of value from bones, they should be broken into as many pieces as practicable, and boiled in a digester for nine hours.

Again, with regard to vegetables. Something beyond an agreeable flavor is given to soup by their addition. Carrots, turnips, &c., contain a large quantity of potash, by the exclusion of which from our food it would be easy to create unsightly skin complaints. On this account the water in which such vegetables are boiled should not be thrown down the sink.

JELLY CAKE.—Make a batter as for pound cake; bake it in cakes on a griddle, and while warm spread jelly between each layer. Trim with a knife.

A GOOD CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—1 cup sugar, 1 butter, 1 nutmeg, 1 cup milk, 2 oz. currants (or not), 1 teaspoonful dry cream tartar, ½ do. soda dissolved in milk, flour enough to make a batter.

SCOTCH CAKE.—1 lb. brown sugar, 1 do. flour, ½ lb. butter, 2 eggs, cinnamon. Roll very thin to bake.

THE RIDDLER.

Geographical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.
My 13, 23, 30, 5, 33, is a country of Europe.
My 4, 32, 21, 10, 16, 9, 19, 26, 18, 31, 2, 17, 6, is a country of Asia.
My 11, 25, 33, 31, 3, is a country of Africa.
My 1, 22, 20, 11, 29, 13, 30, is a river of South America.
My 28, 24, 27, 17, 28, 21, 30, is one of the United States.
My 12, 33, 9, 5, 2, 10, 23, 15, 27, 14, is a territory of the United States.
My 3, 22, 9, 13, 16, 7, 7, 9, is an island in the Pacific Ocean.
My 33, 4, 5, 22, 20, is a lake in Africa.
My 5, 33, 27, 14, 9, is a city in France.
My 1, 19, 29, 4, 26, 29, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My whole is the book in which all of the above may be found. EZRA.
Newtown, Hamilton Co., O.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 2, 12, 18, 11, 8, 20, 8, is a state of the Union.
My 6, 5, 11, 3, 1, 19, 6, is a goldsmith's tool.
My 13, 8, 17, 10, 7, is a coxcomb.
My 21, 16, 5, 8, 6, 14, is a thick kind of ointment.
My 15, 22, 9, is an enclosure.
My 1, 4, 6, 18, is a metal.
My 15, 1, 8, 20, 4, is a carpenter's tool.
My whole is the motto of one of the United States. ECLIPSE.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Wand'ring along a lonely road,
Amid the tempest's blast,
While o'er each strange and unknown path,
The snow is drifting fast,
The weary traveller looks around,
And hails my first with joy when found.

My second is a potent word,
To which we all must bow—
The gifted, beautiful, and bright,
The wise, the great, and low.

My third portrays a lady's name,
And many I have known,
The fair and gentle, good and true,
That simple name to own.

My whole, once powerful, we find
Passing with years away,
Though once o'er a vast country
They held the only sway. EMILY.
Baltimore, Md.

Double Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A domestic animal.
A tropical plant.
An eminent historian.
A character in Shakspeare's Othello.
An island in the Mediterranean.
My initials and finals form the names of two European cities. JOSEPH S. ROSS, Jr.
Cincinnati, O.

Scriptural Acrostic.

A COUNTRY PRODUCING FINE GOLD.

1. One of the cities built by the Israelites during their servitude.
2. The troubler of Israel.
3. A city from which all the Jews were expelled during the first century.
4. One who was degraded and divorced because she refused to appear before a king.
5. One who sold himself to work wickedness in the sight of the Lord.
6. One who attempted to kill a king, but was himself slain.
7. One who, after having heard terrible predictions concerning Jerusalem, went to report to others what he had heard.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A General wishes to send out from his army, upon a dangerous expedition, three companies of different series, so that when any two join together for mutual support, they may be formed into an exact square, and also when all three unite for the same purpose, they may also be formed into an exact square. What is the least number of men in each company?
MORGAN STEVENS.
Round Grove, Scott Co., Iowa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required, the transverse axis of a prolate spheroid whose solidity is 31381.022, and whose revolving axis is the radius of a spherical segment whose solidity is 17629.613, and height 10 feet. CHAL.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

☞ What is the difference between a tannery and alabaster? Ans.—One hides the tan, and the other tans the hides.

☞ Why is 160 square rods like a sore finger? Ans.—Because it is an acher (acre.)

☞ What is the difference between an apothecary and a toper? Ans.—One takes three scruples to make a drachm, and the other takes drams without any scruples.

☞ Why are verbs like some of the articles written for the POST? Ans.—Because they are ("respectfully") declined.

☞ Why is B an industrious letter? Ans.—Because it makes rushes into brushes.
A. P. L.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, Inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph. ENIGMA—Maj. Gen. Godfrey Weitzel. CHARADE—Northumberland (North-umber-land.) CHARADE—Heliotrope, (Heel-I-at-rope.) RIDDLE—Yeast, (East, Yes, Tay, Easy, Sty.) DOUBLE REBUS—"Eureka," "Dirigo," Euclid, Ural, Reindeer, Erskil, King, Arno.)